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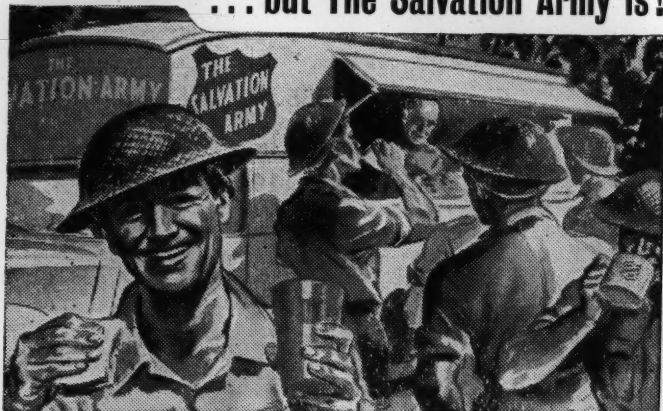
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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

No 555.—JANUARY, 1943.

Art. 1.—THE LEGEND OF MARSHAL PÉTAIN.

EVERY nation, it is said, has the government it deserves. A tribute to the truth of the aphorism may be found in the frantic efforts often made by unworthy governments to represent themselves as something different from what they are. Were they to appear in their true colours, they fear that the nations on which they have imposed themselves would spew them forth incontinently, however great the dangers such wholesome vomiting might entail. One such government is that of Marshal Pétain in France, that will be known to history as the Vichy Government.

Since the capitulation at Bordeaux by which Marshal Pétain, Pierre Laval, and Camille Chautemps, its chief authors, delivered France, bound hand and foot, into the power of the barbarian, evidence has come to light showing beyond question that the moral existence of Marshal Pétain and his government has been based from the beginning on legend. Immense pains have been taken to float this legend and to render it seaworthy. Its first and, clearly, conscious architect was Marshal Pétain himself, who in his initial broadcast speeches, foretelling and then announcing the armistice, claimed to stand before the world as a tragic figure of the saviour of France *in extremis*, driven by ineluctable circumstance to step between his country and complete ruin, and offering, in this holy cause, as he then said, 'the sacrifice of myself.' Lieutenants and hangers-on and dupes have vied with one another since in showering on the Marshal epithets such as 'father of his country,' 'infallible guide,' and 'veritable saint.'

This whole legend is brought to the ground by the evidence of unimpeachable witnesses. Two of them are Marshal Pétain's coadjutors in the capitulation who have had the indiscretion to publish the facts, whether rendered

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impervious by vanity to the effect produced, or merely neglecting the chance that their testimony might fall under eyes free from Vichy blinkers. These two witnesses are Admiral Darlan himself, for long Marshal Pétain's chief executive, and then his appointed successor, and M. Anatole de Monzie, who after having served in the last Daladier cabinet became Minister of Public Works in that of M. Paul Reynaud and was compelled by that patriotic statesman to resign on June 8, 1940, when his defeatist attitude became intolerable. M. de Monzie is one of the slickest and least admirable specimens of the typical politician produced by the French parliamentary system of the last thirty years. He may now indeed have a further motive for his revelations, that of revenge, for he did not receive from Marshal Pétain a place in the new government as price for the intrigues at Bordeaux of the credit for which he claims his full share. In any case, since M. de Monzie's testimony is borne out by that of Admiral Darlan, it must be accepted as valid. Together they demonstrate an intention on the part of Marshal Pétain to upset the Republican regime in France, and that well before the moment when the military defeat of France could have been apprehended even by the most pessimistic of prophets. Marshal Pétain had an interview with M. de Monzie, in which the latter heard with some surprise barely veiled proposals made to him by the Marshal. This took place on March 30, 1940. On May 5 the Marshal had an interview with Admiral Darlan and at this allowed his plans to be seen more openly. Admiral Darlan received Marshal Pétain at the Admiralty in Paris and learned his intention to lead an anti-republican movement. By June 12 this had crystallised into a definite proposal of a Consulate in which Pétain offered Darlan the place of his right-hand man.* If the latter date was only a week before the capitulation, it must be noted that Paris had not yet been occupied; while at the beginning of May there was no question of the military collapse of France and neither the German attack on the line of the Meuse nor the Belgium capitulation which were the two

* See 'France,' July 1, 1941, reprinting Darlan's statement from 'Gringoire.'

causes of it could conceivably have been foreseen. At that date even the attack on Belgium had not taken place. At Pétain's earlier interview on March 30 with de Monzie * it was arranged that Pétain who was French Ambassador in Madrid should not return to his post, but go only to St Sebastien; there he would spend a fortnight, coming back to Paris for the next fortnight, and so on. At the end of the interview Pétain said: 'They will have need of me in the latter half of May,' leaving no doubt in de Monzie's mind that by 'they' he meant 'the civil and military managers of the war, the real ones—not we wretched creatures in the government.' As he went out of the room Pétain said to one of his subordinates from Spain who had accompanied him but stayed outside the door: 'I am in agreement with de Monzie on all points.' The plan for Pétain to alternate between Spain, where he was ambassador, and Paris, could only mean that the Marshal wanted to be ready to take a hand in events in Paris: the plan not to go to Madrid, the seat of the Spanish Government, but to remain during his fortnights in Spain at the seaside resort of San Sebastien, could only mean that events in Paris might be so precipitate as to require Pétain's presence at twelve hours' notice. Since in April 1940 there could be no legitimate reason for Marshal Pétain's intervention in French affairs, this amounts to proof that his decision to overthrow the elected institutions, by which France had been governed for seventy years, was the result, not of despair at a situation past remedy, but of calculated personal ambition and of a set design to lay hands on the machine of State.

A third witness, moreover, has come forward. This is M. Maurice Dejean, formerly principal private secretary to M. Daladier and M. Paul Reynaud while Prime Ministers, and since then Commissary for Foreign Affairs in the Fighting French National Committee in London. M. Dejean, an eyewitness of the events at Bordeaux and preceding the capitulation at Bordeaux, must be held a true witness because his evidence is the logical continuation of, and is corroborated by, that of Admiral Darlan and M. de Monzie. M. Dejean has

* 'Gringoire,' May 30, 1941.

described in detail * the intrigues and the threats used by Pétain and by Baudouin, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs who on the capitulation became Minister, to destroy Paul Reynaud's plan for removing the seat of government from France to North Africa, thence to continue the struggle against Germany. The decision to do this had actually been made by M. Paul Reynaud when on June 14 he reached Bordeaux. It took Baudouin, M. Pierre Laval, and their traitorous clique forty-eight hours to detach a majority of the cabinet from the President of the Council and to force his resignation.

Nor had the decision to go to North Africa and declare Algiers or Casablanca the seat of the French Government been adopted merely. Measures had actually been taken to put it into effect. Even after the replacement of Paul Reynaud by Marshal Pétain as head of the Government—a step, it may be recalled, which was unconstitutional as lacking the authority of Parliament and therefore illegal—the Government maintained the intention of leaving for North Africa. Mr Victor Schiff, Paris correspondent of the 'Daily Herald' down to the collapse, has given testimony as to the following events, of which he was the eyewitness.†

Arriving at Bordeaux on June 20, too late to join the British Embassy which had sailed thence for England on the eve, the secretary of one of the new ministers told him that the whole Government was leaving that afternoon for Perpignan by road and was to embark for Africa from Port-Vendres. Mr Schiff obtained a special permit to take the same road, barred to all ordinary traffic, and started at once. Only the following day, June 21, did he learn at Perpignan, after driving all night, that these orders had been countermanded at 5 p.m. on June 20, some hours after he had left Bordeaux. The surprise was sprung on him thus. Arriving in Perpignan he drove to a hotel to look for a room. 'A room?' replied the hotel-keeper. 'As many as you want! Yesterday afternoon by orders of the Prefecture I had to turn out all my customers to make room for the Government. Eighty breakfasts were ordered to be

* 'France,' June 24, 1941.

† 'France,' June 30, 1941.

ready this morning against the arrival of these grand gentlemen from Bordeaux. At four o'clock this morning, a telephone call from the Prefecture: all the orders were cancelled, no one was coming. It's the same in all the other hotels.' In front of the Grand Hotel was a long line of the official motor-cycles, some of which always accompanied while others received the President of the Republic, for whom the neighbouring Chateau de Thuir, belonging to the owner of a well-known *aperitif*, had been requisitioned till he could embark at Port-Vendres. Mr Schiff himself saw the tricolour sentry-boxes erected at the gates of the chateau and already guarded. The chief of the Sûreté Nationale had come himself to Perpignan to make sure of the arrangements. The police and their chief and other advance officials had to return to Bordeaux having driven six hundred miles for nothing. What had happened was that early on the afternoon of the 20th Pierre Laval, seeing the prospect of seizing the reins of government slip through his fingers and probably driven by pressure from Hitler, had persuaded Pétain and bullied M. Albert Lebrun, the feeble President of the Republic, into summarily abandoning the project. Hitler, who had kept the French armistice *parlementaires* dangling attendance on him since June 16, must have learned of the plan to leave France and have realised that if it came off the whole of Africa together with Syria and all the French colonies would be solid against him and would be out of his reach for ever. Italian Tripolitania could not have held out against pressure from both sides and Italy herself would have been gravely threatened. Laval and Baudouin, working on and through Pétain, saved the situation for Germany.

This incident affords a touchstone of Marshal Pétain's character. If he did not show himself shortsighted, selfish, defeatist, lacking in stern fibre and in patriotic imagination when he agreed to abandon the project of turning North Africa into a French fortress, then he did so when he agreed to it. That the former supposition is the true one admits of no doubt. The history of the two succeeding years is proof of that. It would have been far better for France to have had her homeland wholly occupied by the enemy, but her Government free and functioning on French territory overseas, her strong fleet

in being, all her air force, that had suffered relatively little, and a goodly part of her army saved and transported to Africa, than to be left with but one-third of the country still nominally free, but bound to the enemy through a Government existing on sufferance and all her resources put at the service of Germany through both direct and indirect enemy pressure, with nothing but the illusory guarantee of the armistice clauses worked to the uttermost in German interests. Anatole de Monzie, by his own admission one of the authors of the armistice, went so far as to regret openly that, when Pétain's regime had been installed at Vichy, his Government did not transfer to Paris, where the very illusion and pretence of independence would have vanished.*

In his first broadcast Pétain had said that in the cause of France he would 'make the sacrifice of myself.' As Mr Neville Lytton has pertinently remarked,† Pétain has sacrificed everything: French territory, French honour, French property, French security, the food, the very workmen of France, and the lives of hostages massacred in cold blood. There is one thing he has not sacrificed, and that is himself.

The possibility of resistance in North Africa, generally credited by Frenchmen, is confirmed by a striking cable from General Noguès so late as June 25, 1940, to General Weygand.‡ This read:

'In the atmosphere of panic obtaining at the present moment at Bordeaux, the French Government is incapable of estimating objectively the possibilities of resistance of North Africa. On the spot I am better able to judge. I beg you to reconsider the orders given me for the execution of the clauses of the armistice. If these orders were maintained I could only carry them out with a blush of shame, and I should probably have to resign.'

M. Dejean in his account of the events at Bordeaux rightly insists on the defeatist temperament of Marshal Pétain. Indeed the Pétain legend was already hoary before the present war began. Generals de Castelnau,

* The Hon. Neville Lytton, 'Life in Unoccupied France' (Macmillan), December 1942.

† 'Gringoire,' quoted in 'France,' July 11, 1941.

‡ 'France,' June 28, 1941.

Nivelle, and Mangin were the real artisans of the French defence at Verdun, and not Marshal Pétain, who required to have his courage screwed up to the sticking-point by his Commander-in-Chief: our witness for this is Marshal Joffre himself, who relates it in his memoirs. 'I constantly recalled,' wrote Marshal Joffre, 'to General Pétain the necessity for action'; and again in a passage relative to June 1916, 'Pétain had once more alarmed everyone. . . . He had gone so far as to declare to Castelnau that they could not hold out for a week and must at once plan a retreat to the left bank of the Meuse.' Two more French witnesses stand forth against Pétain, two of unimpeachable authority: Clemenceau and Poincaré. The latter has testified that during the German assault on Amiens in March 1918, Clemenceau turned fiercely on Pétain 'because he dared to say that if we were beaten we should owe it to the British.' And Clemenceau himself is witness that at the conference at Doullens on March 26, at which Foch was appointed Supreme Commander of the Allied armies, Pétain spoke these words of Sir Douglas Haig: 'That man will be forced to capitulate in the open field in a fortnight, and we shall be lucky if we are not forced to do the same.' On this Foch broke out to Pétain: 'You are not fighting. I would fight in front of Amiens, in Amiens, behind Amiens. I would go on fighting.' To his private secretary Jean Martet, Clemenceau said later: 'At Doullens I was between two men: one, Pétain, who said we were done for, and the other, Foch, who strode about like a madman and wanted to fight. I said to myself—Let's try Foch! At least we'll die rifle in hand.' From the British side comes a witness of hardly less quality: Field Marshal Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd, later Chief of the Imperial General Staff and in 1918 present with the British C.I.C. at Doullens. In 'The Navy' of August 1940, the Field Marshal wrote:

'The surrender of the Bordeaux government came as another unpleasant surprise to most people in England, but as a matter of fact, once Pétain entered the government, some such development was to be expected. At the Doullens Conference on March 26, 1918, at which Foch was appointed generalissimo, Pétain tried to let us down in a very similar

manner, and wished the French army to retire to a position covering Paris, leaving us to face the German onslaught alone and allowing the Germans to separate the British and the French armies. I have seldom heard a senior General "told off" in public as Pétain was by Foch on that occasion. But Foch was a great gentleman and treachery was completely foreign to his nature.'

The anti-British bias in Pétain, to which Clemenceau and Sir A. Montgomery-Massingberd testify, did not disappear after the victory of the Allies. In 1930, when I was acting President of the Anglo-American Press Association of Paris, the Marshal summoned the American correspondents belonging to the association to his office at the Invalides. Its president for the year, an American, had been recalled immediately after election to the U.S., and it is probable that the Marshal's entourage were unaware of his being replaced by an Englishman. The British correspondents had not been invited, and I was the only one of them present, as acting president of the association, with my American colleagues. We were treated by Pétain to a diatribe of unbridled abuse of Great Britain as the author of all the ills since the end of the war and the ceaseless fomenter of discord. In view of the high regard in which Pétain was held in this country, it was impossible for a word of this to appear in the 'Morning Post,' the paper I represented. But it was a revelation of his rancour against Great Britain that was as illuminating as it was startling. It must be thought that he had never forgiven us for Foch's having been preferred to him or for the complete proof that he had been wrong afforded by Foch's and our victory.

The fact is that Marshal Pétain's reputation as a soldier was based less on the courage, determination, sagacity, and fighting zest of a general, than on his care for the men under his command. He was a first-rate soldier in the field. In 1914 he apprehended quicker than most men the character of the war then beginning, the determining factor of fire-power, and the importance of machine-guns. In 1917 he handled with skill and tact the awkward situation created by mutinies in the French army and showed wise humanity in his treatment of the mutineers. He was popular with the troops. He saw to it that they were well fed, and got their mail regularly :

he nursed his troops, and did not squander their strength, as did, for instance, the rash Nivelle, when C.I.C. These are admirable traits in a commander, but do not make up for lack of the higher qualities.

Marshal Pétain, then colonel of the 43rd Infantry Regiment, in which the young lieutenant Charles de Gaulle was serving under him, scored the first, if passing, victory over a German force in 1914. As general in command of an army corps he pierced the German front in Artois in 1915. None the less Pétain was never the heroic figure that the legend of his old age would make him. There is, too, a further point to be considered. Among the excuses offered by, or for, Marshal Pétain is the reiterated suggestion that the French army was so badly organised and supplied by successive Republican Governments, that an overthrow of the Republican regime by Marshal Pétain was morally justified and necessary for the salvation of France. But if this were so, the excuse offered is in itself the condemnation of Marshal Pétain and would at once rule his plea out of court. For from 1920 to 1940 the Marshal did not cease to be a member of the Higher War Council, of which he was for eleven years Vice-President and in 1934 President. In 1931 he was appointed Inspector General of Aviation. He was therefore directly responsible for France's military preparation. Had he undertaken to complete, to change, or to improve it, doubt cannot exist that he was in a position to do so. Had his power proved unequal to the task, his duty as a patriot was to resign and to publish his reasons for resignation. But Marshal Pétain's patriotism was of a singular quality. During his embassy at Madrid on the termination of the Spanish civil war he never ceased coquetting with German and pro-German elements in Spain. I give on my own responsibility the fact, vouched for to me by a distinguished British witness on the spot, that some months after the beginning of the present death struggle of his country with Germany Marshal Pétain pronounced these words in Madrid: 'Mes relations avec mon collègue d'Allemagne n'ont jamais cessé d'être les meilleures possibles.' His military judgment moreover was gravely at fault on vital points. In 1927 and again in 1932 Pétain officially opposed the prolongation of the Maginot

Line to the north on the ground that the defences of Belgium afforded sufficient protection.* According to M. Daladier's evidence, given at his trial at Riom, Marshal Pétain in 1934 wrote a strong letter to the Army Commission of the Senate advising against the fortification of the Meuse at the point where six years later the Germans broke through. If this was so Marshal Pétain was directly responsible for the destruction of the 9th Army in June 1940 and the military collapse of France which it entailed. In 1939, in a preface to a book by General Chauvineau, Marshal Pétain pronounced against the independent use of tanks, whose action he slightly described as 'hypothetical.' In his theory tanks were useful only as an adjunct to infantry. During the whole of the year 1935, Pétain ordered in all seven tanks for the army. On January 15 of the same year General Weygand stated to the Higher War Council that he was still vainly waiting for a reply from the Marshal to a letter in which he had on May 17, 1934, demanded that the insufficiencies of the army be remedied. Pétain's share of responsibility for the collapse of France is proved up to the hilt.

In political morality and in military honour then Marshal Pétain's showing is a poor one. But he has claimed to stand forth not only as a guide to his country in these points, but also in the role of ethical and religious leader. This pretension has been expressed in terms so fulsome as to be slightly nauseating even were the pretension justified. When a man talks in high-flown words of the sanctity of the family as the basis of his particular organisation of society, the least to be expected is that he should practise what he preaches. And this is yet more desirable should he pose as a devoted son of the Church. What then are the facts concerning Marshal Pétain? Until comparatively late in life he was notoriously a free thinker and a free liver. At the age of sixty-four he married a lady with whom, to common knowledge, he had long lived. He who urges on his fellows the noble duty of begetting sons for France has none himself. For these reasons many good Catholics, as I was told in 1940 by a renowned French priest, totally refuse to accept

* 'France,' June 23, 1942.

Pétain as one of themselves, but regard him as a source of scandal to their faith.

During the past months, moreover, Marshal Pétain has proved how shallow is the lip-service he does to the tenets of religion. He has accepted without the slightest opposition the application by Laval in France of the infamous 'Nuremberg' Nazi racial code. He has covered with his authority Laval's abominable delivery into German hands of foreign-born Jews in France and the persecution by which Laval aims to drive French Jews out of social life. By doing so Pétain has run counter to the direct teaching of the Pope and to the feeling of the mass of French Catholics. He has united against him the Primate of France, Cardinal Gerlier, the Jesuits of Lyons, the Archbishop of Toulouse, the heads of the French Protestant churches, and virtually the whole parish priesthood of France. In backing Laval's attempt to drive French workmen by menaces into German factories Marshal Pétain tramples on the teaching of the Church no less than on the dictates of patriotism, for as long ago as 1915 the Pope condemned forced labour and, at least by implication, has repeated that condemnation more than once of recent years. The image painted of Marshal Pétain as a devout and religious man is as false as his more popular portrait in the character of a hero.

A strange parallel can be drawn between the position of Marshal Pétain at Bordeaux in 1940 and that of Marshal Bazaine who capitulated at Metz in 1870. This has been worked out in a remarkable study by M. Piccarda, a French lawyer practising at the Bar in England.* It is no less startling than painful to see that Bazaine made use, to palliate his infamy, of the identical phrases used by Marshal Pétain to justify the capitulation that, save for the victory which will crown the arms of Great Britain and of Fighting France and destroy German tyranny and its agents, would accomplish beyond hope of liberation the utter ruin, military, political, and economic, of the fair land of France.

Such are the ugly facts behind the fair-seeming legend of Marshal Pétain's greatness. He is seen to be not a hero, but a man, though of capacity indeed, yet of

* 'France,' July 11, 1941.

mediocre calibre; not an unsparing worker against negligence and inefficiency, but, if inefficiency and negligence there were, fully responsible for them; not a self-denying patriot, but an ambitious intriguer greedy of office, on whose vanity the enemies of his country could work and did work even as they did seventy years before on the vanity and personal ambition of Marshal Pétain's predecessor, condemned to death for high treason, the contemptible Bazaine.

One last chance was vouchsafed to Marshal Pétain of showing that, however obstinately misguided he had been, he was at bottom, as he claimed to be, a patriot. This was when last November the Germans tore up yet another scrap of paper and seized on the remaining third of France that Pétain's action was ostensibly directed to save from them. Herein lay Pétain's sole semblance of justification. When Hitler jettisoned the obligations of the armistice convention even that vanished. One of the last of the Allied diplomatists to frequent Vichy, who had special facilities for seeing Pétain, confidently believed that should this happen the Marshal would resign in protest. But in the event Pétain stuck to his high-sounding title of Chief of State, now bluntly reduced to emptiness by the enemy. In that moment he joined the bench of infamy where sit Hacha, Laval, Degrelle, and Quisling. When, following that, Pétain signed a decree giving dictatorial powers to Laval, who had publicly called for the victory of Germany, he signed at the same time a full confession of his own ignominious subservience to France's secular foe.

JOHN POLLOCK.

[For the postscript of the above article see p. 124]

Art. 2.—BLACK LEGEND OF SPAIN.

EVER since the civil war came to an end in 1939, Spain has been depicted in this country as the tool of the Axis, and on the point of joining it. This legend continues to survive notwithstanding its continual falsification and the fact that Spain at the end of 1942 still remains neutral and non-belligerent.

To obtain accurate information about Spain and, when obtained, to appreciate its relative bearing and importance is always immensely difficult for a foreigner, even when he possesses experience of Spain, sympathy with the Spaniard, and the necessary background of knowledge of Spanish history, for Spain is a country of great and apparently irreconcilable contradictions. Even with those pre-requisites it is difficult, and without them it is impossible, to discern what is happening; the present legend and misapprehension are the natural consequences of newspaper articles and books written by people who have not got them. The confusion at this moment is made doubly confounded by the vendetta that certain organs of opinion continue to wage against all things connected with General Franco and his Government, whom they cannot forgive for having proved them to be wrong, with sad results on the friendship between two nations, which share that same culture and Christian civilisation that is at stake in the present war.

In order to understand the present conditions in Spain, it is necessary to glance first at the background of her history, of the events of her civil war of 1936-39, and the principal causes of that war. Only in this way is it possible to avoid becoming the victim of myths and legends, for it is only by attempting to look at the situation through Spanish as well as through English eyes that a true picture can be depicted.

The average Englishman's attitude to Spain has been much influenced by the falsified history taught him at school about Spain of the Elizabethan period. This falsified history is called by Spaniards and other Spanish speaking peoples 'la leyenda negra' (the black legend). This legend accepted by generations of unanalytical historians drawing their knowledge from identical and self-perpetuating sources, successfully created in the eyes of posterity, by suppressing all the good qualities of the Spanish character and the noble features of Spanish history, the picture of a Spain that was 'inquisitorial, ignorant, fanatic, the same to-day as yesterday, always inclined towards violent repression, the enemy of progress and innovation.' Some of these characteristics exist and have existed in Spain as elsewhere, but it is a false picture which depicts only these and forgets the

other Spanish characteristics of intense religious faith, physical courage, individuality, kindness, and chivalry, all of which exist and have existed in Spain in as high a degree as in any other country. It was forgotten or brushed on one side by the historians that, at that particular period, Spain had achieved the greatest empire that the world had even seen, that she was successfully engaged in the greatest of all missionary efforts, that her infantry was considered the finest in Europe, and that she was leading the world in literature and art. Such things could not have been were the 'leyenda negra' true.

Again the legend spread itself to include Philip II, King of both Spain and England, the most powerful monarch of his time, who was so blackened by the legend that he is still the 'cruel, subtle, gloomy, bigoted recluse of the Escorial, hiding who knows what behind that sly smile of his.' It is quite forgotten that his life covers three-quarters of the sixteenth century, and that he devoted a great part of that life to the defence of the Church against the attacks of the Mohammedans and the Jews. He showed tenacity, statesmanship, and courage, had great military successes and in his reign the empire of Spain reached the apex of its power.

One of the results of the legend was the gradual cessation in England of the reading and study of Spanish literature of the Renaissance and of the Golden Age, which had been very general in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Fortunately, however, the last fifty years have witnessed the revival of interest in Spanish history and literature in this country and even more notably in the U.S.A., which has led to the rediscovery by these two countries of the literature of Spain's golden age, and the study by students and historians of sixteenth century contemporary documents of which Spain has such an inexhaustible store. Their study has led to a revision of history and the publication of numerous historical works, of which it will suffice here to quote two outstanding examples. 'Philip II,' by Dr William Thomas Walsh, published in the U.S.A., and the monumental work 'Elizabethan England,' by E. M. Tenison, published in this country. Hispanic and Hispanophil societies and centres of study at the universities are also contributing greatly to the knowledge of Spanish history,

literature, and art and consequently to the destruction of the black legend of the sixteenth century.

Coinciding, however, with the death of that legend, there is now growing up another about the causes and facts of the Spanish civil war of 1936-39, which owes its origin among other things to political prejudices and propaganda, than which there is no more cunning perverter of true history. In this respect the case is parallel with that of the sixteenth century in which Protestant and political prejudices played the same part as left-wing prejudice has done in the twentieth century.

Contributory features to the creation of the legend have been the superficial writings of journalists and of certain Protestant clergymen, whose prejudices enabled them to swallow evidence without investigation, and who ventured to write about a people and country, of which their knowledge and experience was restricted to a few days' visit. They were also quite ignorant of the fact that the innate courtesy of the Spaniard often obliges him to reply to an inquiring foreigner with the answer that his intuition tells him his interlocutor desires, and the effect on accuracy is devastating.

The black legend about the Spanish civil war, then invented and since firmly entrenched, is as follows :

A liberal, democratic, and republican government, which had recently rescued Spain from oppression and her proletariat from misery and want caused by the tyrannous landlords, was foully attacked by a rising led by fascist generals under General Franco, who called in the help of Germany and Italy to assist him and then sold the independence of Spain to those two countries as repayment ; that the republican government represented the Spanish people fighting for liberty against foreign powers, and that the Catholic Church was in league with the generals and also oppressed and robbed the people.

The truth, however, as any careful student of Spanish affairs and official records from 1920-40 may ascertain for himself, if he wishes to do so, is that after a period of the greatest prosperity that Spain had seen for 500 years, and a general rise in wages in ten years of from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent., communist agitation, after fifteen years intensive work within the Spanish labour organisation and with the help of certain Spanish politicians,

deliberately destroyed the monarchy, introduced a republican regime and brought Spain in 1936 into such a state of chaos and disorder, that industry was at a standstill and no man's life or pocket were safe, while the burning of churches and the murders of priests by the mobs, without any protection by the police or military, proved the anti-Christian tendency of the republic. There are still people who pooh-pooh communist intervention in the Spanish civil war, but there is ample evidence from 1920 onwards of the active intervention of the Comintern, together with the presence in Spain of such prominent members as Dimitrov, Bela Kun, Neumann, A. Vronsky, and others.

The republic was set up in 1931 and by 1936 it had ceased to be either constitutional or democratic, for its government were in power through falsified elections and had broken most of the clauses of its own constitution. The army generals, who had not the slightest connection at that time with fascism (Falange, which was in its earliest infancy, was not an army movement, and in any case is different from fascism), rose under General Franco against the government. Immediately and as pre-arranged by the Comintern, an international communist army was recruited from all over the world (there were several recruiting stations in London alone) and assistance from Russia and France (one of the greatest interventionists in the Spanish war) poured into Spain on the republican side and provoked the sending by Germany and Italy of troops, arms, and aeroplanes to the help of Franco and the nationalists.

Though there can be no doubt that Germany and Italy utilised their intervention in Spain to try out their weapons with a view to the coming war, so far as Spain was concerned the Italian and German troops were purely mercenaries fighting in a cause, which was and is to the vast majority of Spaniards a struggle for exactly the same principles of freedom and Christian civilisation for which England is fighting the present war against Germany. In its essence the civil war in Spain was a straight fight between Western civilisation based on the Christian tradition and idea of life, and the slavery and class warfare based on the dialectic materialism of Karl Marx. That this was so was proved by one of the most bloody per-

secutions of the Christian Church that the world has ever seen. Thousands of churches were desecrated or destroyed, 6,000 priests, many bishops, and tens of thousands of laymen were massacred merely because they were Christians, and in that part of Spain controlled by the republican government, a man's life was in great danger if he either worshipped Christ or owned a crucifix. In its later phases the war was directed on the republican side by the Comintern and by the Soviet representatives in Spain, with all the accompanying horrors of the OGPU and the OGPU torturers and prisons.

It is impossible to gauge the feeling of Spain or interpret the attitude of the average Spaniard unless it is understood that he believes, ardently and logically, that, just as Spain defeated and held the onslaught of Islam on Europe and Christianity in the sixteenth century, so Spain defeated and held in 1939 the Marxian onslaught, which threatened to destroy Christianity and Western civilisation. He believes that, for this, Europe owes him a debt of gratitude.

It is of course undeniable that the assistance of Germany and Italy to Spain in her fight against communism, the misrepresentation of everything Spain did by the bulk of the British press, England's refusal to acknowledge Spain's belligerency, and the farce of non-intervention, created a strong pro-German party in Spain and nearly forced her into the Axis.

The teachers and protagonists of the black legend have continued to preach incessantly that Spain is completely dominated by Germany and on the point of joining the Axis. They have been saying so without being right for seven years and should not complain if they are no longer believed. It is illustrative to remember a few of the stories they invented during the course of the Spanish war, which were also one by one proved to be false. The occupation in 1936 of Majorca by the Italians, the occupation of Morocco in the same year, the landing of 60,000 Italians in Cadiz in one day, the bombing of refugees from Malaga in 1937, the establishment of German aerodromes along the Pyrenees in 1938, the destruction by bombing of Guernica in 1937, have all proved never to have occurred, after investigations had taken place.

The perpetual reiteration of stories that have been disproved, destructive as it is of Anglo-Spanish friendship, has the appearance of being deliberate. If that is so; is it the definite intention of the fabricators of the legend to turn useful and potential friends into enemies? Is it that left-wing enthusiasts in this country are vindictive against Spain for continually proving them to be wrong? Is it because Spain is Catholic? Or is it that the press and the intelligentsia of this country are being used as innocent instruments of German propaganda and of those rich Spanish exiles, who were formerly prominent politicians of the republican regime, who wish to reopen the struggle, which cost Spain untold blood, misery, and treasure and is the chief cause of her present food shortage and starvation?

A convincing and complete answer to these questions is impossible, but it is likely that they may all be contributive causes to the black legend.

This is the background against which, to be understood, the present Spanish situation must be painted, for it contains factors essential to a comprehension of the Spaniard's point of view, without which no picture could be a true one.

The following is an attempt to fill in, at all events an outline of, that situation in its present religious, economical, international, and political aspects, as they appear to the writer.

To take religion first, as befits the thing of God. There is of course no denominational religious question in Spain as it exists in this country, for all Spaniards professing Christianity are Catholics except a small and insignificant number. The legal results of the attack on the Church by the republicans and their communist allies have now been cancelled. The position of Christianity, as a chief factor in the framework of General Franco's new Spain, was set forth by him in 1937 in the 26 points of Falange (point 25) and has been confirmed by subsequent legislation; state education has a definite religious basis; the Jesuits have returned to their educational functions and in June last a concordat was signed with the Vatican settling the long outstanding dispute about the nomination of Spanish bishops. There is still a great shortage of priests owing to the massacres of

1936-39, but this will right itself as priests pass out of the seminaries.

In internal politics, General Franco has maintained and even increased his control over the three principal organisations, the Army, the Falange, and Labour, and has shown great statesmanship in avoiding any important conflict between them, and between the conflicting elements within Falange, whose control is kept carefully and increasingly in his hands. He has followed the general lines laid down in 1937 in the 26 points of policy and in the labour charter, though doubtless with disappointment to himself that the ineradicable and deeply ingrained differences of opinion have not been fused and that his goal of 'Spain, United, Great and Free' has not been realised. Theoretically, since 1937 and according to the 26 points, all political party organisations have ceased to exist and there is only one national party in Spain, the National-Syndicalist party; this party is called by the incredibly lengthy name 'Falange Española Tradicionalista y de las Juntas ofensivas Nacional-Sindicalistas'—which has been abbreviated to Falange. But the one party is to a great extent superficial and in reality Catholics are still Catholics, monarchists are still monarchists, republicans are still republicans, socialists are still Marxians, traditionalists are still traditionalists, and so on. Party politics and tendencies are ineradicable in Spain as elsewhere.

From time to time General Franco has made changes in his ministers and the leaders of the Falange party; there have been two purges of Falange, one in the late summer of 1941 and the other in August 1942. In each case those changes have tended to restrict the power of the extreme falangists and to increase that of the traditionalists. The dropping of Ramon Serrano Suñer last September, which had both internal and international importance, was an illustration of this.

It appears at first sight a strange anomaly that the Red republicans and left-wingers, who were gradually absorbed into Falange during and after the civil war, have become its extreme wing of pro-Nazis. This is a striking proof of the close spiritual affiliation between the partisans of socialism, communism, fascism, and Naziism, between Marxists and authoritarians, which has

been visible in France and is quite logical, because state worship and state capitalism are the goals of all of them. It makes the old clichés of 'left' and 'right' senseless.

It seems to have been overlooked by commentators on Spain that General Franco has continued slowly but faithfully to follow the path laid down for Spain in 1937 in the 26 points. A further step in this direction was reached in July 1942 by the setting up of a Cortes based on corporative and functional representation instead of the regional and party representation of the English, American, and French systems, which are anathema to the present regime in Spain and to most Spaniards on account of the experience of the last 150 years, during which Spain was the victim of its attempt to follow those systems. The labelling of those systems of government as 'democracy' and of every other system, except that of Russia, as 'fascism' is one of the great causes of international misunderstanding and the mistrust of the United Nations existing to-day in Spain.

The exiled republican politicians in this and other countries, some of them rich beyond the dreams of avarice on the spoils won by them out of their country's misery, are working to reopen the conflict, but there can be little doubt that the vast majority of Spaniards have one overwhelming determination, not to allow the return to power of the republican politicians, who plunged them into horror. The two attempts of Spain at republicanism in 1875 and 1931 were both too disastrous to make it at all likely that Spaniards generally desire any new republican adventure.

The return of the monarchy, represented by Don Juan, is coming more and more to the front and has even been referred to favourably in 'Arriba,' the chief organ of extreme Falange. One of the many similarities between Spaniards and Englishmen is their monarchical tendency, and the bulk of Spaniards are by nature monarchists. It is also probable that the great majority of army officers are monarchists, and so are all traditionalists. It does not appear likely, however, that the problem will be faced until after the war, unless internal dissensions should become so acute as to make it necessary to do so.

In the field of international politics it is dangerous to

prophecy or even to speculate, but there are certain factors which can be spoken of with a degree of certainty.

(1) Spain is not and never has been the tool of Germany. She is intensely individualistic, proud and patriotic, as peninsular as we are insular. The chief concern of General Franco and his ministers is Spain and Spain alone, while he and 90 per cent. of Spaniards are concerned first and last in keeping Spain out of the war.

(2) General Franco has conducted Spain along the tight-rope of neutrality or non-belligerence with the greatest statesmanship; he has the German army on his frontier and has avoided invasion, but the constant prediction of Spain's entry into the Axis has been falsified. On the other hand he has been able to obtain loans and shipping facilities from the U.S.A. and England.

(3) General Franco's declarations about Russia and Germany, and his apparent inability to see that Naziism is as antagonistic to the principles of the new Spain as is his arch-enemy communism, have disgusted many of his friends in this country. It should be remembered, however, that most Spaniards lost relatives in the most horrible circumstances in the massacres by the Reds in 1936-39, and justly attribute the blame for those atrocities and the civil war to the Comintern of Russia, the hatred of which has become an obsession, and blinded them to all other evils—even that of Naziism. This is to be deplored, but its exact counterpart is to be found among those left-wingers in this country, who are equally obsessed by fascism and are blind to the dangers of its twin brother communism.

(4) The words and actions of Spain's pro-German Foreign Secretary, Ramon Serrano Suñer, have undoubtedly assisted General Franco to conduct Spain along the tight-rope of neutrality with an abyss on either side, but his fall in September 1942 was apparently and chiefly caused by internal rather than external factors and was the result of the 'pull devil, pull baker' situation of the parties within Spain. It is said that Ramon Serrano Suñer's pro-German and anti-English sentiments were caused in great part by the refusal of the British Chargé d'Affaires in Madrid in 1936 to give refuge to his two brothers from the Red mob, which thereupon murdered them.

(5) Friendship with Portugal and South America, and identities of language, ways of life, thought and religion, have a great influence on Spain in pulling her away from the Axis. The attitude of the Spanish-American republics to the Axis, which culminated in the declaration of war on Germany by Brazil, have had a deep effect.

(6) The entry of the U.S.A. into the war caused an alteration in the opinion at one time held very extensively in Spain, that the Germans would win the war and, though little is said about it in the largely pro-German press, the assistance given to Spain by both England and the U.S.A. in credits and freight space for some of her vital supplies is well known and appreciated.

It is difficult to estimate accurately the effect on Spanish policy and Spanish opinion of Axis propaganda and Axis influence within Spain. This has necessarily been great, working as it has hand in hand with extreme Falange, but there are many signs that it has decreased owing to the diminishing power and influence of the pro-German section of Falange and to the hatred by Spaniards of any foreign interference in their internal affairs. The Axis powers, and especially Germany, took advantage of their entry into Spain and of the goodwill that their cooperation in the civil war gave them. When the war was over in 1939, the German and Italian troops withdrew, but their propaganda, commercial and political agents remained and increased their activities until the German embassy, with a large staff and enormous expenditure, might be said at one time to have controlled the press and radio of Spain through the Falange organisation. But as already indicated the Germans have overdone it in their customary manner and have given their victims indigestion.

The action of recruiting the Blue Division and sending it to fight for Germany against Russia must be considered one of the great successes of German-Falangist propaganda. Though it may have helped General Franco in his tight-rope walking, it was also inexcusable for a neutral or non-belligerent country. This policy was born of the Spanish hatred of communism and of the strange oblivion to communism's alter ego, German national-socialism; it is attributable to that myopia, which is shared in common by Spanish patriots and British left-

wingers, who are unable or unwilling to distinguish between the Russian nation and Marxism. The Spanish reply to criticism about the Blue Division is that nations which were neutral or non-interventionist in their civil war allowed the recruiting of communists to fight against them. They say that we set the example and any answer is difficult, except that two wrongs do not make a right.

To make understandable the Spanish argument, it is necessary to recall here a few facts about that large force, called the International Brigade, which was recruited by communist organisations all over the world in the middle of 1936, protracted Spain's civil war and augmented her misery. In this country the recruiting was fathered by certain intellectuals, titled persons and prominent left-wing members of parliament, while many a decent but misguided young enthusiast was persuaded to join the communist rabble and lost his life in a false cause. One of the brigades was named after Mr Attlee, who reviewed it in Spain with much publicity, and the Spaniard should not be blamed for retorting 'International Brigades,' when 'Blue Division' is thrown at him.

In some quarters it has been stated that the police forces of both Spain and Portugal have been permeated by the Gestapo, but this suspicion is almost certainly the fruit of mistrust, faulty observation, or of German propaganda, deliberately sowing seeds of mistrust with a view to creating bad blood between Spain and England. It does not make sense to think that the intense pride and nationalism of both Spain and Portugal would permit any foreign influence within their own police forces.

The despatch of Spanish labourers to Germany has been another cause of mistrust. It is on a different plane from the sending of the Blue Division, as it has been usual for many years for the Spanish unemployment problem to be relieved by the temporary emigration of labour to France, and no doubt the Spaniard would reply that such a relief is more than ever necessary in their present labour situation. They cannot expect, however, that the United Nations will look on the policy with pleasure, or witness Spanish workmen labouring for the German war-machine with any thing but disgust.

The economic situation of Spain is unenviable, though certainly better than that of any of the occupied countries

of Europe, and reports show that it is improving. At the end of the civil war Spain found that a large part of her cultivated territory had ceased to be productive, owing to the destruction and negligence of the republicans and their friends. Transport was hindered and difficult owing to the destruction of roads, railways, and bridges wrought during the war; it was estimated that the rolling stock of the railways, never too plentiful, had decreased during the war by 1,000 locomotives and 30,000 cars owing to their destruction or deterioration. The stocks of raw materials for her industries were exhausted and she found herself without foreign credits or gold with which to buy them or the imports required to feed her people and for reconstruction. All the gold and bullion reserves of the Bank of Spain amounting to 150,000,000*l.* had been seized by the republicans and the greater part shipped to Russia and France to pay for the assistance received from those countries.

Such was the desperate condition of Spain economically when in 1939 the world war broke out and made that situation even more desperate, chiefly owing to lack of shipping and the British blockade.

It must be remembered that, though Spain is above all an agricultural country and that some 60 per cent. of her population live on the land and by the land, and though a very large proportion of her exports in normal times consist of foodstuffs such as fruits, wine, oil, etc., yet she is by no means self-supporting in food. It is always difficult to obtain any accurate statistics about Spain, but it is generally accepted that her normal shortage of wheat was 400,000 tons per year, which was imported from abroad, together with other foodstuffs, all her fuel oil and petrol, much coal and vast quantities of fertilisers. The lack of the last has further decreased her harvest for, in normal times, Spain is a great consumer of artificial fertilisers, the only one of which she produces herself in any quantity being potash; the shortage has considerably decreased her agricultural production.

Spanish coal comes chiefly from Cantabria, and the cessation or great diminution of supplies from England and the consequent restriction of transport have added to the difficulties of distribution in general and especially of the distribution of agricultural products.

The shortage of all foreign supplies caused by the lack of shipping has produced severe want and, in many parts of Spain, acute starvation and misery. Observers, however, state that this year shows some improvement over the last. Spain has made a trade treaty with the Argentine and purchased large quantities of wheat, which it is hoped can be carried in Spanish ships with some help from the United Nations.

That is the black side of Spain's economy, but there is also a brighter side showing how great are her recuperative powers and how, hand in hand with her difficulties and want, reconstruction of the ravages of the civil war and a general recuperation are taking place. The reconstruction of roads, railways, and bridges has been notable, as has also been the construction of hospitals, schools, social welfare centres, workmen's dwellings, and other public works. Notable among these last have been the completion of a road tunnel under the Pyrenees in North Catalonia begun fifteen years ago, and the construction of large irrigation works in the province of Zaragoza. The present government recognises, as did the regime of Primo de Rivera, that it is by these irrigation works that the vast potential agricultural riches of Spain can be developed. The industrial centres appear to be active and moderately prosperous, notwithstanding the shortage of raw materials.

One effect of Spain's economic isolation will be to make her more and more self-supporting. Though naturally unable to supply her needs without importing, she is producing already a far greater proportion of her steel and iron requirements, while she is building ships, locomotives, and rolling stock. The exchange situation is now improved, lack of shipping prevents imports and Spain is now exporting more to this country than she receives; she is consequently paying off old outstanding debts and even accumulating foreign balances.

Such is a brief outline of the position of Spain to-day and it is greatly to be desired that her situation and true history should be better known and understood in this country. Spain and England are traditional friends, of a common civilisation, and their spiritual and material interests are in many directions identical. For many generations the natural channels of Spain's commerce

have run to this country ; as proof of this fact the figures of trade between the two countries in 1935—that is to say in the last normal pre-war year—show that Spain's total imports were 35,000,000*l.*, of which 6,000,000*l.* came from Great Britain, and the total exports were 23,000,000*l.* of which 11,000,000*l.* went to Great Britain. Though the balance of this trade was against Great Britain and in favour of Spain, yet the balance was equalised by the balance of trade with the rest of the Empire, and by the invisible imports from Great Britain, which were the result of our close and friendly relations.

The products of Spain in peace time are of great use to this country, while in war time they are all but essential. For instance, where could we get our supplies of mercury to-day if not from Spain ? Her supplies of pyrites are as necessary to us for the production of sulphuric acid as are her supplies of Cantabrian iron ore for our smelters ; she is our nearest and best source of potash, of which the other sources are either cut off or far distant.

These purely economic facts ought to teach the legend-mongers that Spain's friendship is materially useful to us, and the idea that the benefits of our relations with Spain are all on one side is the result of ignorance. If friendship between Great Britain and Spain is essential or even merely useful in trade relations, it is vital geographically, or to use the new fashionable word, geopolitically and even more vital to our common Christian civilisation. It would have been a great disaster to our cause at any time during the past three years to have Spain in the enemy's camp, into which left-wing interests in this country had nearly forced her. She is a potential and natural friend, but she has been estranged from us during and since her civil war owing to the reasons which I have cited, and she will, I believe, return to that friendship, if she is treated by us and especially by our press with understanding.

ARTHUR F. LOVEDAY.

[The above article was written before the German occupation of France, including the whole Spanish frontier. It can however be stated that the consequences of this occupation have not in any important detail affected the outline of recent Spanish affairs given by Mr Loveday—ED. Q.R.]

Art. 3.—THE ENGLISH CATHEDRAL.

EVER since the reform of 1832 the English Cathedral has been the subject of legislation and of occasional inquiry. There have been commissions, the latest of which was set up in 1931, after a preliminary investigation had been made and recommendations had been formulated, by a Measure of the National Assembly of the Church of England. This body bore the title of 'The Cathedral Commissioners for England.' Its final report, recently published, invites some reflections upon the growth of our Cathedrals, the historical background of the problems which the Commissioners had to face, and the further problems which may arise in the future.

In Saxon and Danish times there could be no clear demarcation of dioceses in a land sparsely populated, covered with areas of uncharted swamp or forest, and still partly occupied by pockets of heathendom. A Bishop would select some favourable centre from which he could carry on his missionary efforts and thence he would work outwards, regardless of any definite boundaries so long as he did not encroach unduly upon the jurisdiction of a neighbour prelate. Obvious selections were capital cities, major or minor, such as Winchester, London, York, Lichfield, Hereford, and Worcester. Elsewhere other considerations influenced the choice. St Augustine found at Canterbury the remains of a Roman-British church. Rochester commanded the passage of the Medway on the route from the Channel ports to London. Leicester occupied a central position. Lindisfarne and Ripon had traditions of sanctity. Other sees, the selection of which it is less easy to explain, were Dorchester in Oxfordshire, Sherborne in Wiltshire, Selsey in Sussex, Dunwich, Elmham, and Stow in the east and Hexham in the north. Eight of these (with some intermission in the case of Lichfield) have continued as cathedral cities till to-day. Ripon and Leicester have regained that status after a thousand years and more. The Danish invasions wrought havoc in the east. The Archbishop of Canterbury suffered martyrdom and his Cathedral was destroyed. Dunwich, Elmham, and Stow were engulfed in the Danelaw, though the see of Elmham was resuscitated before the Conquest. Hexham also disappeared. The monks of Lindisfarne

bore the body of St Cuthbert out of the danger zone, first to Chester-le-Street, then to Durham. But in the west the sees survived, indeed increased; for Alfred created a second see in Wiltshire and sees for Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall. Of those sees the first and last proved ephemeral; the other two became permanent, with Wells as the centre for Somerset until the Conquest, and first Crediton, then Exeter, for Devon.

The Normans accordingly found fifteen sees with their Bishops' seats established at Canterbury, York, London, Durham, Winchester, Exeter, Hereford, Lichfield, Rochester, Wells, Worcester, Dorchester, Elmham, Selsey, and Sherborne. (This list is exclusive of the Welsh Cathedrals, of a vague connection with the see of Galloway, and of the see of Sodor and Man, over which the Archbishop of York exercises only a limited jurisdiction.) The Cathedrals were of two types—secular and monastic. The former were served by 'secular clergy,' who belonged to no Order, lived in their own houses, held property, and associated with other folk. The latter were the churches of monasteries, where the monks, mostly of the Benedictine, in fewer cases of the Augustinian, Order, dwelled cloistered and apart. The existence of monastic Cathedrals differentiated England from western Europe. In France, for instance, cathedral organisation had crystallised before the rise of the Orders. The Saxon invasions had destroyed English Christendom. Before it revived, the Orders had grown to be a power and, as the Saxons became converted, were quick to gain a footing. The seculars, though popular, were lax. In the tenth century St Dunstan had set about their reformation. At Winchester Bishop Ethelwold had given the seculars the choice between the cowl and deprivation. Elsewhere the 'canonical' system was imposed—that is to say, a rule of life was adopted in the Cathedral, and the clergy, now become '*canonici*' or Canons, were required to abide by it. The strictness of this canonical rule approximated to, or even surpassed, that of the regular Orders; and, whether it was that the public regarded the secular Canons as more monkish than the monks or that the Canons themselves thought fit to compete with the Orders in a matter of nomenclature, it was to the secular Cathedrals of York and Lincoln and to Beverley, Ripon,

and Southwell (outliers or pro-Cathedrals of York) that the word 'Minster' (*monasterium*) was specially and paradoxically applied and has adhered. It is probable, however, that this exemplary behaviour on the part of the seculars was transient and that they relapsed into mundane habits.

Though the Normans were accustomed to Cathedrals served by seculars, the Conqueror deliberately favoured the monastic foundations, probably because he desired to weaken the local landowners, with whose interests those of the secular clergy, themselves often landowners, were bound up. It was also his plan to remove sees situated in small towns to large centres of population where, under the shadow of a Norman castle, they could play a greater part in affairs both spiritual and temporal. In pursuit of these policies, the see of Dorchester was removed to Lincoln, that of Selsey to Chichester, that of Elmham first to Thetford and then to the important city of Norwich, where a great monastic Cathedral was erected. The Wiltshire see was transferred from Sherborne to Old Sarum, and a Cathedral (whose lay-out can still be traced) was proudly reared on the summit of the steep mound which has been used by Briton, Roman, and Norman as a fortress. Its subsequent transfer to the lush meadows of the Avon valley was fancifully attributed to the annoyance caused by the winds which howled round the eminence and drowned the chanting of the Canons; more probable reasons were the cramped situation, the difficulties of entry and exit through the gates of a closely warded stronghold, lack of water and fish and, above all, 'the malapert demeanor of the soldiers that guarded the Earl's castle' and consequent brawls between the clergy and the military. The Bishops' seats were removed from the secular churches of Lichfield and Wells, the former to Chester and then to the monastery of Coventry, the latter to Bath Abbey. Lichfield and Wells afterwards regained their status; but the Bishop of the one was long known as the Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield and the Bishop of the other still bears the title of Bath and Wells. In the twelfth century two new sees were created, with headquarters in the Augustinian church of the border fortress of Carlisle and in the Isle of Ely, that commanding point among the fens which

had long defied the Normans and where the great Abbot Simeon had begun the building of a magnificent church for a monastery founded by the daughter of a Saxon King.

The secular Cathedrals of York, St Paul's, Chichester, Exeter, Hereford, Lichfield, Lincoln, Salisbury, and Wells escaped with comparatively light losses from the cupidity of Henry VIII. But the monastic Cathedrals of Canterbury, Durham, Winchester, Carlisle, Ely, Norwich, Rochester, and Worcester lost vast properties and were secularised. The churches of other dissolved monasteries—Bristol, Chester, Gloucester, Oxford, Peterborough, and Westminster—became the Cathedrals of new sees. Bristol, the western port, Chester and Gloucester, guardians of the Welsh border, the university city of Oxford, where the church of St Frideswide became both the Cathedral and the college chapel of Wolsey's splendid foundation, were natural centres. It is recorded that Henry's choice of the great church of Peterborough was a sort of reparation for his conduct to Queen Katherine, who was there buried. The see of Westminster proved superfluous and was abolished after ten years.

The twenty-two Cathedrals thus established—the secular known as Cathedrals of the Old Foundation, those that had been monastic as Cathedrals of the New Foundation—survived the further depredations committed by Edward VI and the Puritans and the dispersal which they suffered under the Commonwealth. The industrial revolution, a vast increase in the population, and the stirrings of reform demanded measures against abuses and a multiplication of parishes and sees. As regards sees the problem was twofold—due provision for the great industrial centres which had sprung up and such subdivision of dioceses and rectification of boundaries as would enable Bishops to satisfy the new and more exacting conception of their pastoral duties. Within the space of a hundred years twenty new sees were created under Acts of Parliament or, later, Measures of the Church Assembly. In the nineteenth century came Ripon, Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle, Truro, St Alban's, Southwell, and Wakefield; then, after a pause, Birmingham and Southwark in 1905, St Edmundsbury and Ipswich, Chelmsford, and Sheffield in 1914, Coventry in

1918, Bradford in 1919, Blackburn and Leicester in 1926, Derby, Guildford, and Portsmouth in 1927. Each of these served one or other or both of the objects in view. Thus, Ripon relieved the large diocese of York of the city of Leeds and also of extensive rural areas; Portsmouth gave a Cathedral to a place of maritime importance and, together with Guildford, broke up (to the regret of some) what was deemed to be the unmanageable diocese of Winchester. In addition to these objects, the advancement of Newcastle, Truro, St Alban's, Southwell, Bury St Edmunds, Chelmsford, Coventry, Leicester, and Derby provided separate counties (subject to slight modifications of boundaries) with their own sees.

When these new Cathedrals were set up a model was inevitably sought in the ancient Cathedrals. That model involved a church of befitting size and beauty and an endowment sufficient for its maintenance, its services, and the stipends of a Dean and Canons. But only at Ripon, Manchester, Liverpool, and Truro could both these conditions be fulfilled. Ripon and Manchester possess noble collegiate churches and adequate endowments could be made available. The wealthy city of Liverpool could afford to build and staff a Cathedral which promises to rival the great churches of mediæval times. The local patriotism of Cornwall has provided a new Cathedral in Early English style, which, though not itself a parish church, includes a parish church as its south aisle; and with the help of the transfer of a canonry from Exeter it has been possible to appoint residentiaries, though funds for the stipend of a Dean are still lacking and his place is taken by the Bishop. In the remaining sixteen sees the full conditions were wanting, though at Guildford a Cathedral is in course of erection. Accordingly some other arrangement had to be made. Suitable and dignified parish churches (including the Abbey of St Alban and the collegiate churches of Southwark and Southwell) were chosen as Cathedrals, the incumbent of each was placed in a position comparable with that of a Dean and a number of honorary Canons were created.

The English Cathedrals may therefore be classified as ancient Cathedrals, sub-divided into those of the Old Foundation and those of the New Foundation, and modern Cathedrals, sub-divided into those which are organised on

the New Foundation model and those which are parish churches. But a truer classification would draw the main line between Dean and Chapter Cathedrals (whether ancient or modern and of either Foundation) and parish church Cathedrals. For, while the essential object of all Cathedrals is the provision of a seat for the Bishop and of a centre for diocesan worship and activities, the parish church Cathedral must in addition meet parochial needs and its staff must perform parochial duties. The forms of constitution appropriate for these two types are therefore fundamentally different.

In neither type (with the exception, already noted, of Truro) is the Bishop the head of his own Cathedral. In the early days of secular Cathedrals he was no doubt regarded as a father in the family of his clergy and, as the holder of a prebend, had his place in Choir and Chapter; and at Salisbury he still has a prebendal stall.* But, as the Chapter waxed in wealth and independence and the Bishop became pre-occupied with diocesan and state affairs, this friendly and intimate relation changed, and the Bishop confined his interference to the giving of injunctions which he had no power to enforce. In monastic Cathedrals the monks had always looked on the Bishop as something of an intruder and, while tolerating him as their Abbot by courtesy (at Ely the Bishop still occupies the Abbot's stall on the south side), maintained an exclusive attitude and even claimed the right of electing the Bishop, thus coming into conflict with King and Pope. But the Henrician statutes empowered the Bishop to visit New Foundation Cathedrals, to investigate the conduct of members of the staff, to issue binding orders, and to punish offences even to the extent of deprivation. Legislation in Victorian times defined more precisely the Bishop's powers and amplified the procedure in ecclesiastical courts. But visitations were not appreciated and have on occasions been resisted; and resort to the courts proved cumbrous and expensive. The statutes framed by the Commissioners of 1931 re-affirmed the Bishop's visitatorial power and stated the occasions or times when visitations must or may be held, made him the interpreter of the statutes, and clearly defined

* This reference and that to Ely below do not imply that these are sole instances.

his rights of preaching, celebration, and the holding of special services in the Cathedral, which had previously rested on custom or courtesy, and thus converted his *locus sedendi* into a *locus standi*.

In Cathedrals which have a Dean and Chapter the government rests with that body, which also holds the church and the capitular property on the ancient tenure of frank almoign—a tenure common in the case of ecclesiastical property and bestowed free of any feudal service save the performance of religious exercises. The compositions of the Chapters in Cathedrals of the Old and of the New Foundations have undergone gradual assimilation. In the former all the Canons formed the Chapter. The first Norman Archbishop of York introduced in his Cathedral a system which came to be applied elsewhere. Part of the capitular property was divided into prebends (provenders or means of livelihood), and one of these prebends, which might be a benefice, an estate or a sum of money, was assigned to each of the Canons. The proceeds from the remainder of the property were thrown into a common fund, which was used for the maintenance of the fabric and services and for additional allowances to the Canons, these allowances being larger in the case of those Canons who did the work of the Cathedral. Among these were the *Quattuor Personæ* or holders of Dignities—namely, the Dean, who exercised general control, the Precentor, who supervised services and music, the Chancellor, who was concerned with the archives and education, and the Treasurer, who was responsible for the ornaments, vessels, and vestments. The other Canon-Prebendaries who wished to reside must fulfil certain conditions; and it was to the interest of the Dignitaries to stiffen those conditions in order that the number of residentiary Canons might be reduced and their own shares of the common fund thus increased. So it came about that the majority of the Canon-Prebendaries, though summoned to meetings of the General Chapter, ceased to be effective members of the small inner Chapter which actually wielded authority. A monastic Cathedral was ruled by its Prior. At the dissolution the government was put into the hands of a Dean and a small number of Canons, so that the composition of the working Chapter became similar to that

in an Old Foundation Cathedral. But there was here no body corresponding to the non-residentiary Prebendaries of secular Cathedrals, till the Ecclesiastical Commissioners Act of 1840, with a view to empowering Bishops 'to confer Distinctions of Honour upon Deserving Clergymen,' created in each New Foundation Cathedral twenty-four honorary canonries, the holders of which were to be entitled to stalls but to no emolument nor any place in Chapter. Finally, the Cathedrals Measure of 1931 included all Canons, whether Prebendaries of Old or honorary Canons of New Cathedrals, whether residentiary or non-residentiary, in the body corporate of the Cathedral Chapter, which was henceforth to act in two capacities—as a General or larger Chapter and as an Administrative or inner Chapter, the latter consisting normally of the Dean and the residentiary Canons. The distinction between these two aspects of the Chapter is functional, the control over fabric, services, and appointments being in the hands of the inner Chapter, other powers and duties being distributed between it and the larger Chapter as seems suitable in the case of each Cathedral. An exception is York, where all the thirty Prebendaries had remained full members of the Chapter—an arrangement perpetuated in the new statutes, which there make no distinction between larger and inner Chapter.

A Chapter is required to govern in accordance with rules. Secular Cathedrals made their own rules or followed some recognised code like the Osmundian statutes of Salisbury. Such rules were largely an accretion of customs. A monastic Cathedral adhered to the rules of the Order. Henry VIII and his successors made statutes for the New Foundation Cathedrals. Possibly through inadvertence these statutes did not receive the Great Seal, except those for Durham, which were issued under parliamentary authority by Mary I, and the Laudian revisions of the Henrician statutes for Canterbury and Winchester, for the imposition of which, however, parliamentary sanction was lacking. Hence, with the exception of Durham, all these statutes, though observed, were of doubtful validity till confirmed by an Act in the reign of Anne. They gave expression to Henry's erastian tendencies. Thus, the Dean was to be appointed by the Crown and his position in Chapter was to be more than

primus inter pares. For, while usually the Chapter made decisions as a body on the opinion of the majority, the consent of the Dean must be obtained *in causis gravioribus*—a vague phrase explained in most of the statutes as meaning such matters 'as the granting of a fief or of a stipend, and in the leasing of farms, and the like,' but in the Durham statutes extending also to 'the bestowal of benefices, advowsons, donations, or offices, the election of officers, the appointment of the Minor Canons, of the boys who learn grammar, the Preceptors, the Choristers, and the ministers and servers in the Church.' In Old Foundation Cathedrals the Deans continued to be elected by the Canons, though apparently on the receipt of a *congé d'élire*, until the Act of 1840 placed their appointment also under the complete patronage of the Crown. The Commissioners of 1931 gave all Deans a power of veto in respect of proposed changes in the ordering of the services; for, while the Dean and Chapter is the Ordinary in a Cathedral, it was deemed improper that a Dean should find himself excluded from participating in the service of the church because he disapproved the manner of its conduct. In other respects they generally abolished the veto, substituting a second or a casting veto and sometimes adding a delaying power.

In parish church Cathedrals parochial rights must be preserved, and in most cases no funds are available for stipendiary Canons. Under the statutes framed by the Commissioners the Chapter of such a Cathedral is composed of the incumbent, termed the Provost, and a number of honorary Canons, including the Archdeacons; and, acting as a body corporate and without functional division into a General and an Administrative Chapter, it holds any property pertaining to the church *qua* Cathedral, elects the Bishop on receipt of the *congé d'élire* and the letter missive, elects also the Proctor in Convocation (if such election falls to be made), exercises patronage and, subject to the rights of the incumbent, performs the other spiritual functions proper to a Chapter. But most of the temporal duties, including the care of the fabric and the administration of capitular property and revenues, which in a Dean and Chapter Cathedral are discharged by the Administrative Chapter and in a parish church by its parochial church council, are entrusted to a

Cathedral Council, which includes the Bishop, the Provost, and representatives of the Chapter, of the parish, and of the laity of the diocese. The Bishop, too, occupies a position different from that which he holds in a Dean and Chapter Cathedral. For here he retains his power as Ordinary and acts not only as the Visitor but also as a part of the cathedral body, being both chairman of the Cathedral Council and, where so desired, a member of the Chapter for specified purposes.

Hence the organisation of a parish church Cathedral differs materially from that of a Dean and Chapter Cathedral. At the same time, features of the latter type were, so far as possible, bestowed upon the authorities of the former. One such was the power of dealing, under safeguards, with the fabric of the Cathedral, its monuments, ornaments, and churchyard, the jurisdiction of the Consistory Courts over these matters being abolished. Another was the formation, where adequate endowments for residentiary Canons existed (at Newcastle and Wakefield) or where tradition demanded (at Southwark), of Administrative Chapters with powers modified to comply with parochial rights and requirements. Even where no such funds are available, the creation of canonries which are non-stipendiary but are termed residentiary has been permitted under certain conditions. Such canonries, conferred upon the incumbents of neighbour parishes, may well furnish a nucleus of local clergy prepared to assist in the services and further the activities of the Cathedral, and, should they hereafter attract endowments, might be held as full-time offices. In some Cathedrals Lay Canons, as an additional link with the laity, and Canons Theologian have been appointed. There are also peculiarities at St Alban's, where, alone among Cathedrals of this type, there is a Dean; he was so styled in the Act under which the Cathedral was established, but he is likewise the incumbent. The prevailing pattern, however, is that described above, which, the Commissioners of 1931 believe, creates 'a double synthesis—on the one hand between the two aspects, cathedral and parochial, of these churches, and on the other between the clerical and lay elements in the diocese,' and also provides the machinery whereby they may play a leading part as centres of diocesan interests and activities.

The economical structure of the parish church Cathedral, where services are for the most part conducted by the incumbent and his curates, helped only by a small grant for assistant clergy, contrasts with the expenditure (averaging about 7,000*l.* a year) involved in the maintenance of a Dean and Chapter Cathedral and suggests the question whether, in modern conditions, the full maintenance of the latter type is defensible. This question requires some examination of the recent history of cathedral finance and of the place of Cathedrals within the Church. Prior to the Act of 1840 the resources attached to the ancient Cathedrals were no doubt excessive and much was squandered on sinecure offices, while the average value of the 10,718 benefices then in existence was deplorably low. That Act reduced the number of Canons in some cases, deprived Deans and Canons of their separate estates, took away the stipends of non-residentiary Prebendaries and other holders of sinecures, and generally rationed the amount which members of a Chapter might receive. The income thus set free passed into the Common Fund of the (newly created) Ecclesiastical Commissioners to be used for 'the cure of souls in parishes where such assistance was most required.' Further financial changes were made by the Commissioners of 1931, who were required, in the first place, to transfer to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in exchange for fixed annuities, the landed estates of the Chapters, thus relieving those bodies of the responsibility of management and the embarrassment of an uncertain income. Exceptions were made—in the case of Manchester, where the estates had been the subject of parliamentary legislation (which the Commissioners found it necessary to modify by the promotion of a Measure), of Durham, where special reasons for retention were pleaded and allowed by the Church Assembly, and of lands either essential to the Cathedral or such as might reasonably be exempted on grounds of economical management or of exceptional circumstances connected with the history of the Cathedral, e.g. the manor of Tillingham, stated to be the oldest manorial holding in England and to have been given by King Ethelbert to Mellitus, Bishop of London, in A.D. 604, and still held by St Paul's. The estates had already since 1840 passed through various vicissitudes into which it

would be irrelevant here to enter. The important point is that the profits derived from them were calculated as adequate for the essential needs of a Cathedral in 1840, but, owing to the altered purchasing power of money, increased taxation, etc., had become in a number of Cathedrals insufficient for proper maintenance, and that, for like reasons and through the burden imposed by the up-keep of large houses, the real value of the stipends as then fixed had fallen to about one-half of what it was a hundred years before. Secondly, it was laid upon the Commissioners either to reconstitute or to abolish the corporations of Vicars in Cathedrals of the Old Foundation. These Vicars had been appointed by absentee Prebendaries to perform their customary cathedral duties, such as the daily recitation of a portion of the Psalter. Pious folk had endowed them with property. Mediæval kings had granted licences in mortmain and charters of incorporation to save the Vicars from penalties and their properties from lapse. The existence of a second corporation within the Cathedral was liable to cause friction. The duties incumbent upon the Vicars, who had freeholds, were more suitable for an interlude in clerical life than for a whole career. The Commissioners abolished all these corporations except that at St Paul's, which had already been the subject of parliamentary legislation; the corporate properties were transferred; life-tenures were forbidden in the case both of the Vicars and of the Minor Canons, who perform like services in New Foundation Cathedrals; and these offices were made terminable after short periods and their holders encouraged to undertake other clerical duties. These changes, however, wrought no improvement in the financial situation. The transfers of property, carried out, as they had to be, while the bank rate and the price of agricultural land were low, resulted in some serious losses. The profits accruing from the estates of Vicars served no more than to maintain the purposes to which they had previously been applied or kindred purposes. The tithe legislation of 1936 reduced the total revenue of ancient Cathedrals by some 7,500*l*. Even before that date so critical had become the position of some Cathedrals that the Church Assembly had agreed to a grant from the Common Fund of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners up to a limit of 18,000*l*. a year, which was

largely used for the enhancement of stipends to 1,200*l.* and 600*l.* for the Dean and Canons respectively in less well-endowed Cathedrals, increases in the salaries of organists and song-men and, in parish church Cathedrals, the provision of clerical assistance and similar objects.

Even with this aid, many Dean and Chapter Cathedrals are maintained on a narrow margin. Doubts are sometimes expressed whether, even if they can, as at present staffed, survive in post-war conditions, expenditure upon a Dean and several Canons, with Vicars or Minor Canons to intone the services, will be justified by their value to a Church which must increasingly husband her money and her man-power. Our Cathedrals are a national institution, dear to ourselves, dear also to others, as is proved by the generous response from beyond the sea when any threat to a fabric involves an appeal. Their reduction to little more than relics of antiquity, shorn of the vitality which they were intended to enshrine, would quench the affection in which they are held and frustrate the pious purpose of their founders. But might they not, it is suggested, be organised on a more modest scale, with a diminished stipendiary staff assisted by honorary workers? The idea, if it is still seriously entertained, must be discarded that a Dean and Chapter is a close corporation providing for senior clergy a refuge of ease, dignity, and comparative opulence. Its annual accounts are published and closely scrutinised by the expert staff of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The members of the Chapter, often on stipends far from munificent, have their cathedral duties—services and supervision, preaching in other churches, administration of attached schools. Canonries, moreover, supply much of the emoluments paid to diocesan officers—a system significantly deprecated in the detailed report which the Commissioners of 1931 were instructed to follow, but necessitated by the general lack of funds. Out of the ninety-eight canonries now occupied in the twenty-six Dean and Chapter Cathedrals, the holders of twelve are Bishops Suffragan, three are Assistant Bishops, twenty-five are Archdeacons (these Suffragan or Assistant Bishoprics and archdeaconries being in some cases held by the same persons), and eight are university Professors; so that, apart from an unspecified number who perform duties not connected with the Cathedral,

forty-eight diocesan offices or professorships are at present filled by Canons. These offices, as also the ministration of the Cathedrals themselves, must be discharged whether the present constitution of Deans and Chapters is preserved or not. A further heavy item of expenditure is involved by the maintenance of organist, song-men, choristers, and choir-schools—an expenditure which is repaid in the continuance of the great tradition of English church music.

It follows that a radical change would effect no very great saving of funds or of man-power. The sum absorbed by the Dean and Chapter Cathedrals may be compared with the major share of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners' income of three to four millions sterling which is annually disbursed to the parochial clergy. The statutes recently issued permit of the suspension of canonries; and such suspension is sometimes made a condition of any grant from the Common Fund. More might be done in this direction. Some economies might also be effected by a more equal distribution of endowments. But the Commissioners of 1931, limited by their instructions, were unable to embark on any such pooling of resources or on any root-and-branch transformation in the government and staffs of these Cathedrals. And, while it is doubtful whether any such action could be taken without imperilling their future, it is certain that serious deterioration would mean nothing less than a betrayal of the piety of past ages, the disappearance of the example and inspiration afforded by dignified services and beautiful music, and the degradation of what has been for centuries a source of national pride.

HENRY SHARP.

Art. 4.—THE FAMILY LIFE OF ANIMALS.

It is a curious reflection that the young of the wild are seldom attractive before they begin to take their place in the world. Nestlings are anything save beautiful while still in the 'golly' stage, and it is not until they have acquired their first plumage that they display themselves to the public gaze. In significant contrast, however, are

the young of those ground birds which are ready to follow the parents as soon as they chip shell, these from the first being delightful little atoms in their close-fitting barred or mottled down, as becoming as any plumage assumed in after life.

With mammals the same rule applies. There is little to admire in the naked shapelessness of the tiny creature through whose sealed eyelids the light has not yet penetrated. Until he can see, he is not fit to be seen, and although the wild mother only indirectly conforms to this principle, she none the less keeps him out of sight. Animals that are born blind, with few exceptions, come to birth in holes or well concealed places, and it is only when some promise is shown in the form and beauty which they will eventually attain that they appear in the natural world of which beauty constitutes the keynote. It is a wise provision of Nature that parental affection should be strongest during the period when the offspring is least attractive, this in certain cases amounting to the greater part of its family life, always brief in the wild, but so admirable throughout its duration.

Generally speaking, mammals acquire recognisable shape earlier than birds. A fox-cub is a little fox from its debut; a kitten a little cat, and although time may be required in certain races for the acquisition of armament or mane, for example, there is seldom the complete metamorphosis so frequently seen in the feathered world. A more curious distinction between the young of bird and beast, however, is the wide temperamental disparity. The playfulness of youth is so taken for granted that the sight of lambs gambolling excites no comment. To see a brood of chickens or ducklings frisking about, however, would strike an observer as odd in the extreme, their recognised function being to remain, more or less literally, under the maternal wing. In the wild the position is identical. Young rabbits, when ostensibly nibbling, punctuate the process with endless antics, but if one saw a young partridge suddenly leap into the air or scuttle round in apparently aimless circles, one would ascribe the proceeding to terror of some enemy or a pernicious microbe affecting the brain. Indeed, while a young mammal is seldom still, a young bird rarely moves except for some definite purpose. It entirely lacks the exuberant vitality,

the *joie de vivre*, which makes the young rabbit buck-jump, the puppy whirl round after its tail, or the kitten chase a feather. In effect, for all its joyousness of song, its springtime gyrations, its vivacity in adult life, no bird is 'playful' after the manner of other creatures, the reason probably being that its short and intensely active life requires a concentration of energy which leaves no margin for the purely sportive instinct which in wild life generally is more restrained than among domesticated animals. There is, I think, no parallel to the cat and mouse situation—the natural effect of artificial circumstances. Nature has provided a more wholesome outlet for such tendencies, the wild creature working off its exuberance in the actual chase, while hunger and competition prevent a delayed meal. Again, a carnivorous animal even at an early age has little time to waste on mere frolic. Young rabbits, whose food is around them for the taking, may continue their gambols until full grown. A fox-cub, upon the other hand, although the most light-hearted little creature imaginable, must seek a large part of his living very early in life, and soon sobers down under the strain of responsibility.

It might be interesting to describe some recent glimpses into the private life of a fox family, more or less accidentally discovered by the appearance of a tiny cub sitting at the mouth of a hole in the evening sunshine, studying the vast green world which had just opened, perhaps for the first time, like a magic picture before him. Nothing quite compares with the ingenuous gaze of a very young animal in such a situation. What does it all convey to him, one wonders, and what did he expect to see when he crept up the dark tunnel towards the circle of light beyond which lay the unknown? One could doubt whether a little cub with his keen instincts which almost amount to fore-knowledge is ever surprised at anything. What he actually saw was a grotesque, wind-bitten hawthorn from whose huge base green branches spread, mushroom-wise, to cast their shade over the many dark doorways of his home, and beyond the ring of shadow a green slope where the slim bracken-stalks, frondless still, trooped down beside a group of hoary larches to plunge like a cascade into a mist-ridden Dartmoor ravine. What messages were borne to him upon the fresh breeze from

the upland, of life past and to come, were perceptible only to senses fine enough to interpret them. They whispered enough, however, to effect his precipitate withdrawal from view, and when several days had passed without yielding another glimpse of fox-life I regarded the incident as closed.

Being anxious to learn their story, however, I approached the spot one evening, too carelessly as it proved, for when within a short gunshot of the earth there were two flashes of red and evanescent white among the bracken stalks, and two converging russet streaks terminated in the nearest hole. That might have proved disastrous, but the now well worn appearance of the earth indicated that the family was of good old-fashioned length, and since the alarm had not been general, I withdrew, resolved that my next visit should be more diplomatically timed.

Fox-cubs are not such difficult subjects for study as is generally supposed, as long as a few essential precautions are observed. It is of primary importance that no dog approaches the place, and equally necessary to avoid any disturbance of the earth or herbage. Indeed, moormen frequently deface a burrow with the express purpose of causing a vixen to change her quarters. The real secret of success, however, lies in the choice of time, and as a general rule close approach to cubs should not be attempted before sunset. Admittedly, they may be out at any time during the afternoon or evening, but they are more vigilant, quicker to take alarm, and seldom so entertaining in full daylight. It will also be found that even if cubs are out early, they usually return to the earth during the last hour of sunshine, as though to 'change,' a metamorphosis which up to a certain point actually takes place, for with the departure of the sun nocturnal creatures assume a new personality. Everyone knows how irrepressible a kitten becomes after dark—the very time when a puppy settles down to sleep—and upon the same principle, wild life that revels by starlight enters upon its kingdom. The tawny owl who at noonday flits, banshee-like, from the proximity of man, hoots fearlessly a few feet above the head of a midnight rambler. The rabbit retreats before him in leisurely hops, or stamps defiance from the scanty cover of a fern-tip, and as the pupils of a fox's eyes grow large

and circular in the gathering dusk, he views his world from a new perspective which reduces fear to a negligible dimension. During the long midsummer twilight when night and day mingle imperceptibly and complete darkness remains in almost interminable abeyance, one may sit or crouch literally surrounded by cubs who stipulate for nothing more than absolute stillness upon the observer's part. According to their code, man has no place in that moth-haunted, glow-worm-lit world, and he is merely a stump of mushroom growth or some equally inanimate object of little interest or importance.

When next visiting this litter, I approached through the larch spinney and waited for a while in its cover, hoping that the cubs would emerge to play on the narrow strip of turf which intervened. All being still, I advanced to a nearer point, and partly screened by the growing bracken studied the earth barely the width of a tennis-court away. In the gloom of the great hawthorn nothing could be seen for a moment. Then as vision adjusted itself, like figures appearing on a gradually lightening screen, movement could be traced, and soon the entire picture took shape. A grassy mound and the ring shaded by the old tree was literally alive with little foxes. Their quick movements made counting difficult, but there seemed to be seven—a very frequent number—of which not one was still. Up and down the mound and round the gnarled bole of the hawthorn they flashed with bewildering rapidity, each brush tip whisking behind the dark roots as a mask, presumably in pursuit, appeared on the opposite side, this hide-and-seek being varied by evolutions in the open, like the most complicated figure-dance. It might have been a shadow show, so silent were the performers. They appeared to glide rather than scamper, and so light were those little velvet feet that for all their speed they snapped no twig, disturbed no stone. Indeed, had play been permitted upon condition of silence, the stricture could not have been observed more scrupulously.

A round game, according to fox standards, it certainly seemed to be, and there was something quaintly childlike about the manner in which, one by one, the cubs eventually tired of it. The first to lose interest was one of the largest who, deciding apparently that the proceeding was infantile, withdrew to another little hump near by, sat

solemnly down upon his haunches and began a meditative survey of the branch above his head, the after-glow of the sunset catching his white breast through the leaves. His example was soon followed by others, and within a few minutes they were all sitting or sauntering about, like children with nothing to do.

Upon various occasions I have called a cub actually to my feet by imitating the squeak of a mouse, and this seemed the opportunity to repeat the experiment. Unfortunately, I tried the stem of a pipe which proved less realistic than pursed lips, and the sound produced was much too loud and anything save convincing. I had expected a stampede for the holes and was as much surprised as relieved when not a cub stirred. The student of the hawthorn bough continued his meditations, and although the most distant fox was barely twelve yards away, not an ear was pricked in my direction as far as could be seen. This led to further efforts with pipe and lips, but although all must have heard no interest was evinced. Whether they attributed the noise to some peculiarity of the bush for which I was probably mistaken, or merely considered it unworthy of attention did not transpire. It is also possible that they were full-fed, and therefore indifferent to squeaking noises, for on a subsequent night the first attempt brought a cub up to me.

As the already dim light gradually faded, the figures grouped under the tree grew less and less distinct, and fearing the return of the mother who might forbid further intimacy, I cautiously backed away, only just in time, as it proved, for when after gaining what seemed a safe distance my first careless steps crunched last year's dry bracken fronds, a miauling scream from the gloom of the larch spinney challenged the indiscretion. Trusting that withdrawal would satisfy her, however, I left her to make what investigations she considered necessary, and took my own dark way back to civilisation.

Conditions were singularly unpropitious when a free evening permitted the next call. Indeed, when following a woodland path towards the high moor it was such a definite case of 'heavily the grey skies raining' that any idea of wild life study seemed idle at best. As I neared the open country, however, the rainfall slackened, yielding place to dense mist which sometimes facilitates close

observation. None the less, the entire absence of bird song suggested an 'indoor evening,' and it was with little confidence that I entered the chill grey silence and approached the earth, somewhat apprehensively, for a week had elapsed during which time much may happen to a fox family on a mountain-side with nothing but the mother's wits for protection against a hostile world. Everything seemed undisturbed, however, but the bracken had grown considerably in the interval, and the only point from which a good view could be obtained was another aged hawthorn, little more than a relic, within a few yards of the earth itself.

This was obviously much too near, but the light was already failing, and doubting whether the foxes—being so essentially fair weather creatures—would appear in any case, I took up a temporary position against the stump, intending to wait a little while before abandoning the effort for that night. I was scarcely placed when a loud rumbling clatter, like 'bolting' rabbits upon a larger scale, sounded underground. There was a snarling noise, and from the nearest hole emerged a procession of four cubs, trotting nose to brush behind the leader, with an absurd similarity of action, like children filing into a classroom. Indeed, they so quaintly resembled twin boy acquaintances who have cultivated the habit of doubling along in step, one close upon the heels of the other, that with the additional absurdity of four instead of two the effect was irresistibly comic. They proceeded straight to the big hawthorn under which they grouped themselves, pushing one another about to secure the best positions, during which process three more emerged singly from other holes to complete the party.

Conditions being so uncongenial, there appeared to be no idea of play. They suggested a seaside party obliged to pack into an inadequate shelter with somebody always getting the drips, and competition for the driest place became acrimonious at times. One cub, pushed to the outside, looked up at the weather much as a human being might in similar circumstances, and received a big drip full in his upturned face. He sneezed, shook himself irritably, then deciding that things were too uncomfortable, slunk back to the earth, brush between his legs, disgruntlement personified.

There was a slight scuffle at the entrance, and for a moment I held my breath as the long form of an adult fox crept into view. That the vixen, at any rate, should fail to notice me at such close quarters seemed impossible, but the thickening bracken and possibly my dark green rain-coat proved helpful. She glided away in the opposite direction, as though anxious to avoid the attention of the cubs. They, upon their part, took no notice of her. Another malcontent returned to ground, and competition for dry seats became less acute. Rain had recommenced meanwhile, and in my exposed position I envied the foxes who at least enjoyed the shelter of the big hawthorn. Even so, tempers were becoming somewhat strained. There was a frequent interchange of snaps and snarls in proof that bickering among brothers and sisters is not peculiar to humanity. The general atmosphere was not necessarily quarrelsome, however, for now and again a couple of cubs would approach one another and rub cheeks with the pretty action often seen in kittens, and described as 'loving' by country people. And affectionate the gesture certainly is, illustrating a side of animal nature seldom exposed to human view among wild animals. Indeed, the entire situation was unique, curiously unreal, there in the grey silence over which the gloom of night was gathering fast; the eerie sense of isolation peculiar to mist in lonely country; and near enough to be almost incredible, the beautiful little wild creatures, by nature so infinitely timid, yet as unconscious of observation as though alone upon a planet of their own.

The shower passed over, as showers will even upon Dartmoor, and a faint gleam in the west heralded a lifting of the mist. A cub left his shelter, ascended the mound, sniffed the freshening air, then with a nimble flirt of his brush slipped away into the bracken. This was a signal for general post. Three others followed suit, each taking his own line—an indication that they were growing up and beginning to hunt for themselves. The fifth had disappeared, and thinking that he must have slipped into one of the holes and that nothing more would be seen, I was actually moving to go when, glancing down, I looked full into his intent little face under a fallen branch no bigger than a pea-stick, about arm's length away. Like the others, he had started on his peregrinations, but

straight in my direction, and while watching the last of their movements with the field glasses I had missed his direct approach.

Incredible as it may seem, although well aware that he had encountered something quite beyond his limited experience, he was not in the least scared—a circumstance by no means unprecedented. In a somewhat similar case a few years ago, I crouched in the open while a cub conducted an exhaustive survey of my flannel trousers, and when after an interminable stare this little oddity recommenced his advance, I anticipated a corresponding investigation. And up to a certain point history repeated itself. Passing along the skirt of my coat, he continued his scrutiny until he reached the stump against which I rested and from which, as far as he could ascertain, I was indivisible. This he sniffed in turn, working round until out of sight behind it, from which point he must have proceeded on his own queer little way—doubtless satisfied with the old hawthorn's unquestionable credentials—for I vainly awaited his interrogating nose on the other side.

He was a tiny cub, obviously the runt which occurs in almost every litter, his diminutive size assisting recognition at subsequent meetings. With that night's display, however, family gatherings under the tree appeared to end. Fine weather set in, and the cubs no longer played or loitered for more than a few moments about the mound after coming out. Each would emerge singly, frisk to one of the humps for an initial scratch or a good shake which seemed indispensable to a complete toilet, whisk his brush and set off for the brackeney slope, not infrequently enlivening his departure with a nimble buck-jump a couple of feet into air, alighting upon all four pads precisely where he left ground, then proceeding with a comically business-like air upon his interrupted way. Almost overnight, as it seemed, they had grown from the purely irresponsible stage into real little foxes, playful still, but with other business in life than mere frivolities.

It was noteworthy that I never saw food brought to or lying about the earth. In this respect it differed considerably from another far out on the moorland under observation at the same time, around the entrances to which were littered numerous remains not specifiable upon diplomatic grounds. Under the hawthorn there was only

one shrivelled and most unappetising hind leg of a rabbit, which the cubs occasionally sampled and discarded. They always seemed well fed, however, and obviously meal-times never happened to coincide with the observation periods. Many vixens collect food in early afternoon, when they are frequently seen at work, and since a considerable interval elapses, the next instalment would not arrive until well after midnight. Also in the case of a large litter there is less wastage and therefore less to show.

It always seems regrettable, though obviously essential to the scheme of things, that wild family life should be so brief, or that in the words of William Long 'the mother-love that makes the summer wilderness so beautiful' should be a mere phase, with the passing of which not only affection but even memory fades. The ability of a young bird still in the dependent stage to recognise its parent seems almost intuitive, as anyone may see when watching a brood of fledgling swallows arow upon a rooftop over which numbers of their race identical in appearance wheel continuously. The retention of this ability throughout life is evident in a similar recognition of mate or nesting place, and that which is lost might be embraced in the somewhat comprehensive phrase, the sense of relationship.

It is significant that in the wild, maternal affection, for the time being so strong and self-sacrificing, declines and eventually terminate with the positive need of the offspring, the claims of the latter often surviving the inclination of the parent to gratify them. Fledglings fully capable of looking after themselves may pursue the parents for months. A cock chaffinch, for instance, is frequently attended until late in the year by two or three of his brood which even while sharing his food on the bird-table continually pester him for personal contributions. In the case of animals requiring a longer period to reach maturity, actual family life upon modified lines may continue throughout this time. A moorland pony is usually accompanied by one or two previous foals, and this habit may be observed among wild creatures whose manner of life corresponds. In such cases it is obviously the young animals which maintain the link, and yet, so complex is the natural scheme in operation, it is clear that actual filial *affection* does not exist in furred or feathered

life. The young depend upon the mother for all creature comforts, food, warmth, and solace, but they will receive all just as readily from another. Lambs, chickens, or any dependent creatures, wild or tame, will always accept a foster-parent. The difficulty lies in finding adults willing to adopt them. If a lamb has lost his own mother he tries any ewe which he hopes will suckle him, only to be butted away. This is not a case of mistaken identity, but rather that of the lost puppy who follows anybody quite happily. Another characteristic example is that of young gulls which may be noticed upon an autumn beach soliciting food, and frequently getting it, from any adult in the vicinity, even of another species. It is not unusual to see great black-backed fledglings fed by herring gulls who apparently gratify the importunists for the sake of peace.

Among birds parental affection is collective and quite impersonal. Nothing could exceed the solicitude with which an isolated fledgling is tended—as long as he makes his plight known. There is no *seeking* an absentee, and if he wanders out of sight or earshot nobody misses him, and he is left to his fate accordingly. I recently witnessed the pathetic end of a very young blackbird to whose repeated calls no answer came, mischance having separated him from the brood. The policy of leaving the ninety-nine in the wilderness is not adopted by wild parents.

Yet in one sense, family life, shorn of all emotionalism, actually continues among birds and beasts. In the case of birds which pair for life—the rule rather than the exception—using the same locality if not the same nest year after year, even the old home remains, but rather upon the lines of the old-fashioned long family, the elder members of which go forth into the world as they grow up, while later arrivals occupy the nursery. That is the actual situation, the only difference being that those who depart return no more, unless eventually to claim the inheritance. This applies to colonies where private ownership of perennial nests is maintained, and upon the whole birds are more “domestic” than beasts who, even when gregarious, exist upon more communal lines, although never attempting the high standard of organisation reached by insects such as ants or bees. Moles work upon a collective system, a little company—seldom exceeding ten—operating a prescribed claim of perhaps half an acre. This

may well be a grown family working its own holding like a primitive farming household, gradually acquiring more ground as fresh ramifications spring up. A rabbit-burrow is common property to which any individual makes whatever extensions it considers desirable, and except during the breeding season, a fox earth may be used by several individuals. Unlike most carnivorous animals, a fox claims no area as his exclusive territory, nor does a full grown litter automatically disperse. Actual family life, as we recognise it, certainly dissolves, but the grown cubs remain sons and daughters of the house, using the breeding earth at will and still hunting upon the family preserves. Actually, they are very conservative animals, and though the range of each individual, particularly a male, extends considerably with age, redistribution over an area where the species has once become scarce is always a tardy process. No matter how far he may wander, however, the old home of a fox is never forgotten, and always remains open to him, frequently serving for refuge or shelter. One would like to imagine two grizzled veterans meeting in the ancestral earth some wild winter night and exchanging cubhood reminiscences under that same sandy roof. That, however, would constitute an incursion into the attractive but forbidden world of fantasy.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

Art. 5.—THE COMING SOCIETY: A GLIMPSE.

WHEN Sept. 3 was fixed by H.M. the King as a day of national prayer for Britain and the Commonwealth—our Allies represented here joining us—a triumph was registered in the moral and logical senses. For the first time such a day was not a Sunday, as though relations with the Eternal were an extra, confined to one day; but was a working week-day, proclaiming publicly that religion is a pervading, presiding force; national as well as personal; for the workshop as well as for home, church, and camp. This was an advance, whether considered or not; in fact, most of our happier steps seem indeliberate. Deeper realisation of what is happening to us is (in Britain

at least) rather 'borne in on us' by events than wrung from those events by dialectic and inquiry. These winnowing months of danger move different types differently. The puzzled and inadequate turn to the moment's distractions, the believer to God, the credulous to astrologers with tongue in cheek, and the materialist to planning bodily prosperity. The last-named even now does not realise how exactly he is the stable-companion of the Japanese 'co-prosperity' vendors, and of Goebbels with his repudiation of all 'causes' in favour of 'this our war for bread, materials, and prosperity.'

We are not yet, as a nation, quite speaking with one voice or feeling with one mind about our further destiny beyond the battle. But the gradual movement is perhaps that way. Significant admissions are made. It is becoming clearer to many that most world troubles are not due to our failing to reach the goal of physical welfare, but to our choosing such a poor goal at all as anything but one modest ingredient in our future. It is 'after these things that the heathen seek' exclusively, and these sanguine seekers repeatedly turn out to be naïve, unscientific, bad sociologists; living on odds and ends of last century's economics, politics, and slogans as an extinct type of Victorian (hardly found outside of this island, and America) swallowed them uncritically. Many of our Allies in Europe, and others in the world, do not accept these surviving nineteenth-century secular gospels at all, but actually fear and distrust them. What most of the world really respects and trusts when 'Great Britain' is named are, on the exact contrary, our stability, tradition, steady evolution, capacity for idealism, value for the individual and the small nation, moral standards, and grip on the rich past. Lose these, and in their eyes we cease to count, and become a poor imitation of the 'new order' merchants in Berlin and Tokyo.

Thus, a percentage of our public men do not even yet grasp what we *are*, nor what we should tell the world that we are. We emphatically do not shine as vendors of new worlds; we can always be outbidden by more sweeping revolutionaries, with their fewer scruples, less to lose, and livelier dialectics than we. *Our* line is the true, not the new; morality, not novelty; evolution, not revolution. We do not stand a chance (in propaganda) against the

unprincipled versatility of the Axis caterers if we desert the strong ground which is historically British—the validity of Law, the rights of the individual, the liberty of Church and home, the *secondary rôle* of the State-machine as our respected servant not our absolute master. If we dilute our conviction of the primacy of God and the human spirit over all politics and mechanisms whatever, there will be no limit to State encroachment on human life, but a continual aggression by which we are ‘conditioned’ (through crèche, school, industry, and politics) to fit the policy of States instead of States being kept as a means to a human, spiritual end worth loving, worth living for and dying for. The Archbishop of Canterbury was speaking for all Christians and all students of man and history when he recently spoke of the perhaps unavoidable increase in central control, and warned us against its usual accompaniment unless watched—‘the enslavement of citizens,’ to avoid which the only course is ‘to foster liberty alongside authority’ though ‘the combination is never easy.’ In 1919 Mr H. M. Tomlinson wrote: ‘They have got another god now, the State almighty. It will be worse than Moloch. It will allow no freedom, only uniformity. You will have to face the brute. It’s nothing but our worst, nothing but the worst of us, lifted up.’ On July 9 this year ‘The Times’ said: ‘The committee system, over the whole range of government, is hardly less of a menace than the enemy himself.’ And ‘The Observer’ later declared: ‘We tolerate a bureaucracy numbering three-quarters of a million, and still in active growth.’ With part-time inspectors and licensed interferers, there are probably now one bureaucrat to every twenty adults, and some of them, I know from close contact, have the most amazing ideas of their powers over us. Twice I have heard this new caste say to creative, useful citizens: ‘We are not interested in your side of the matter, nor in what you say you’ve done—only in 100 per cent. output now. I’m out for results, and the human or personal side doesn’t count, officially. I may have my feelings as a man, but I’m here as an official—to give orders.’ This is anti-religious, therefore immoral; therefore inhuman; and consequently, as all bad psychology is, inefficient. These soulless ‘drives’ drive men to revolt or evasion.

Any future society which budgets for an increase in officialdom must be suspect, by reason of that fact alone. It draws men away from creation to surveillance and often to obstruction and irritation; it gives sheltered functionaries privilege and powers without necessarily giving them tact, humility, discretion, or respect for fellow-souls. It tends to cut society into inimical halves and inhibits enterprise. It is an added cost on workers. Whatever power also goes to the State, to a board or a county authority, is taken from you—you the individual, or family, or farm, or business. What is left? Parliament, Press, the Judiciary. But these are not always easily invoked in time to prevent evils and injustices. Suppose totalitarianism beaten on the field, but successfully invading our own lives—let in by our naïve enthusiasts for planning? Can genuine democrats be probureaucrat? They cannot consistently be collectivists. Liberty and dignity are antipathetic to over-government. Over-inspection and supervision are morbid signs of the disease or old age of a society, harbingers of the end. A civil service should be kept numerically in bounds; trained to be elastic and human, to be 'civil' and 'servants,' living for the people and not the people for them. We must not now embrace in ignorance this lower form of society, after our great history of religion and freedom. It would be fantastic to exhaust ourselves to beat German and Japanese forces as prelude to adopting and Anglicising a National Socialism which already is forming among us. For there are kinds of opinion now here which have no more suspicion than have Hitler, Tojo, or Mussolini that man is a living soul, that thought and worship are *superior* to the State, that governments are God's vassals as much as the common man is.

It is therefore not yet quite as clear as we would like it to be that the Britain which the world sees at the Peace will be competent to offer the lead and the model which many agonising countries want to see. But there may be time to make it so. A spell of clear thinking will help vastly, far more than hasty action or grandiose blue prints or impudent claims for 'State action.' If we seek Right first and always, we are promised reliably, all else will be added to us; because human society is a mystical moral organism, and even material welfare evaporates

where there are not trust, love, reverence, and disinterested service. The soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul. The single way to make a better world is to make better men. That is *the* revolution, beside which others are surface bothers and amateur tinkering; and from it all else follows. It starts of course from within. Not, as the talkers and weaklings prefer it, outside vaguely in a 'world' or 'state' or 'mankind' which are not entities at all, and give no heed or response to moral or other appeal. It is panic and impatience which shirks winning and converting individuals, and dictates generalities instead to deaf masses of mankind.

The new co-operation among the Christian bodies does not forget a word of all this, while proposing a few considered general lines of future legislation protecting the family, the school, and the individual. That closing of the religious ranks is a good omen and may bear results as long as war itself. Here, at the least, are millions of responsible citizens, usually thinkers too, who are on permanent guard against the robot philosophy which sees us as fodder for statistics or stuff to organise. They know that what a State refuses to religion, it claims for itself. Men commonly give themselves away when they are frank about education, for instance. Thus the Scottish Department of Education recently in a pamphlet summarised its superficial notions of education, without one single allusion to the soul and vertebra of the whole business—religion, what life is *for*, what man's nature is, what sanctions conduct has, or anything else that is instinctively human. Their ideas would equally well have suited an aggregate of higher animals who could use books and maps. It is this ignorance which frightens the more intelligent Europeans among us—Polish, Belgian, Dutch, Norwegian, and Greek—by its squat and stunted quality in contrast with the nobler tradition of pre-Nazi, pre-secularist Europe. Why reproach Hitler schools when too similar ideas have currency here? Hitler's main phobia—his distinctive dislike—is against any order of ideas *other* than and *independent* of his State: and those who in any other country have the non-religious bias are to that extent versions of Hitler and would prepare the same sequence of events in due course, naturally.

The substructure and foundation supporting any and every nation or state is Belief. This was once universally seen; even the French revolutionaries took it as a first principle, and concerned themselves with a religion. It is only in the last slap-dash half-century that superficial men are blank about it. Hence their inability to realise the world they are in, and the deep forces which traverse it. That does not prevent them talking and prescribing. Rather does it accelerate both. They push discredited political phrases at people who have found them out, and at others who are unfamiliar with the meaning of them. Their perplexity about India, for example, is due to their emptiness of mind about beliefs: they do not know what Hinduism is—an ancient, overpowering kind of totalitarian religion, in which the individual counts hardly at all, and many values precious to the Christian and Western man are dismissed as *Maia*, illusion; life itself, something to forget; time, a deception. This mythology towers over millions like a pagoda. Their need is the sound administration and protection which we have given them for over a century, not half-baked nostrums from our political summer-schools. These vast masses, living by the soil, without reading or politics, would be the destined prey of talking quacks, of money-lenders, or of armed force were it not for the defending Raj and their wet-nurse the British Local Officer. Centuries of their peculiar *religion* have conditioned them; with climate, toil, and diet. Imported notions from Bloomsbury merely stun them as alien gibberish. Or take the other ninety-five millions of Indians, the Moham-medans: belief has formed them also. Islam is near to Judaism, it even retains Christian traces in the Koran; it strikes a moral, individual note moreover. In short, they are necessarily nearer to us spiritually than Hindus, or the explanation is religious.

It cannot be escaped: wherever we go, we find our nearer affinities among those peoples whose religious past and development is nearly like our own. Our most pro-Russian Leftist will never understand the Russian a quarter as well as he understands an American, a Dutch, or French working man simply because the Russian's instinctive first assumptions about life are more different from ours than the Dutchman's. The Englishman *must*

understand the American better than he does the Frenchman or Italian because the former (like the Briton) had a Puritan period in his ancestry, while the Italian and Frenchman had not. These deeper facts are more influential than economic or political similarities.

The political man who is nothing more is shallow, the economic man even more so. The sentimental materialism which has tried to supplant Christian conviction in the commercial west in this last century has been weighed and found fraudulent. Our values and judgments will have to be deeper and more central. As a simple instance, how out of date are most of the things once said about capital and capitalists. The target was always a moving one, and now it has almost vanished; for ours is a managerial or technical industry rather than capitalist. The Exchequer gets most profits. More and more enterprises to-day care for the workers more thoroughly than the Socialists of 1890 were daring to suggest: firms began years ago to set up holiday homes, pensions schemes, sports clubs, rest rooms, canteens, apart from schemes run by and paid for by the workers. It is curious how the salient features of a generation can be ignored for quite a long time by the generalisers. 'Big business' has been a poor propagandist for itself; it has had numbers of employers of the calibre of Nuffield, the Cadburys, Leverhulme, and Rowntrees, but has patiently taken the verbal missiles of the uninformed. Socialism is not likely to be the residuary legatee of Capitalism; according to a shrewd investigator, the American James Burnham, in 'The Managerial Revolution,' what is coming—has in fact come—is Managerial Society in all industrialised countries. If so, those who now are agitating for nationalisation, and stricter government controls, as leading to Socialism and a class-less society, will be bitterly disappointed, as Russia was. A new class-stratification, along economic lines, is appearing. Technological knowledge has reached such a pitch that (say the prophets) neither Capitalism or Socialism could stand up to countries with a managerial economy, in peace or war. There would be no difference, in principle, between the civil service and those who 'guide, organise, manage, administer the process of production.' Besides, whereas Capitalism can only function if it makes profits, a managerial economy

based on communal ownership of the means of production need not do so. If economics dictate this as our fate, there is no need either to hail it as 'progress' or to rebel against it as a closed system of slavery, modelled on the ant-heap and the bee-hive. Again and again we must insist that *all depends* on the nature of the men who run a system, on their beliefs, their values, their ultimate allegiances, their idea of what Man is, what life is for, what is the destiny and worth of the individual, where utility should yield to mercy and human considerations, how personality should be safeguarded, and so forth. Even such a welded society as the above, if informed by a strong Christian ethical soul, would be tolerable: whereas a very 'free' society—free to the point of license and caprice—would be intolerable without that spirit. Continually we come back to that all-deciding factor, the *mind* which implements any system, and therefore what Code or Creed indwells that mind. Civilisation and the new industry and bureaucracy, it seems, are going to force us all into alarming familiarity and neighbourhood. Then all the more urgent need for inner mental and moral safeguards to protect us from each other's suffocation and exploitation. The lines must be drawn around individuality, around family rights, around certain fundamental decencies, reserves, and autonomies. The Church must retain her Divine right (as a Divinely founded body) to be free. The Press must hold its human right to be free. Publishing of books must never be annexed by the official world. Parliament must go on functioning, if only as a ventilating chamber for criticism and redress, however intricate and involved the national mechanism becomes. The Courts must continue sublimely independent of Administration. The Home must, in the last resort, recover the right of refusal to interference. Failing this, life ceases to mean anything except production and consumption. Men will become base and vacant, passive material for any demiurge or adventurer to inflame in the future. The penalty incurred by a well-managed human Mappin Terrace is—war, or revolution: anything for a change of air, escape, thrill, self-assertion, adventure. The *dæmonic* and imaginative side of man will make these breaches in the wall of environing necessity.

Therefore, do not close up your system: leave windows and skylights and doors into the eternal. Locked doors induce claustrophobia and outbreaks. If government is a good thing, do not inflict on us too much of a good thing: or a point may come when men arise and liquidate their technical benefactors.

W. J. BLYTON.

Art. 6.—EMPIRES WITHOUT MEN.

It might be a good idea for a moment to cease inventing little reasons for our setbacks and concentrate on the fundamental ones, among which the outstanding may be simple inadequacy of population. Perhaps the subject is uncongenial, just because it is so simple and fundamental, also because we were bored in pre-war years by people who reminded us of it, and have been impressed since the war by statistics of the Commonwealth's total man-power, including coloured races. Many of us still think our prime advantage over the aggressors is numerical. This is a fallacy.

I

If there have been empires before that have collapsed from failure to populate overseas territories thoroughly with the home stock, there certainly never has been one with the extent and thin population of ours. It is all very well to talk about an empire on which the sun never sets comprising a population of some five hundred million in a bewildering diversity of colours, races, and creeds. How often do we consider the vital point that only some eighty million whites, less than the population of to-day's German State, far less than the population of Japan, have been available to control that huge heritage; some eighty million, of which more than half has remained at home, often oblivious of empire, in the British Isles?

The danger was observed by some prior to this war, and they urged all sorts of unpalatable, blimpish things, such as encouragement to births, and large-scale assisted

emigration not only from Britain but also from European countries. They pointed out that emigration would remove the danger of war in Europe by relieving population stresses and strains, while providing overseas territories with man-power for development and defence. They were not even laughed at ; complete ignoring was their portion, save when overseas politicians occasionally attempted to justify laws against immigration by advancing absurd economic fallacies, such as the wages fund error that immigrants would aggravate unemployment. British governments kow-towed to the overseas politicians, and never dared to give a lead.

Yet the only protagonists that really count in the war to-day are those with the big battalions. On the one side a swollen Germany dominates a Europe in which there is no other power of comparable size and strength. Japan hurls her overshadowing millions against the thin European garrisons of the Pacific and is hard to resist. It is only when Germany comes against a Russia of superior population that she is jarred ; Japan was jarred by the larger China some time ago, and is only stopped elsewhere by America's numerically superior man-power. As for us, with eleven million in Canada, seven million in Australia, two million in South Africa, one and a half million in New Zealand, and a few hundred thousand in India and elsewhere, we can very often only fight delaying actions and then be temporary spectators, because we dare not denude the British Isles of the inadequate men we have for home defence and direct action against Germany in Europe.

The lesson is so plain, as it has always been. Greece went down before hordes, and so did Rome at the last. Spain and Portugal could not hold their empires because they lacked men, and Holland was deprived for the same reason. Napoleon rampaged across Europe on the tide of French population expansion : he was defeated eventually by a coalition of overwhelming numbers against him : after which France languished from the fatal loss of her young life-blood, and was overrun in turn by a Germany which had been increasingly swollen in size by the politics of a Bismarck and a Hitler. However gallantly we and the French might fight in 1914-1918, we could not prevail till the American millions had massed

behind us. It will be the same this time, and we shall prevail, perhaps at the spearhead ourselves, but only thanks to the American, Russian, and Chinese millions behind.

That is the sobering thought, because it is unlikely our statesmanship will be able, on this last occasion, to convince the world, or our strong partners, that so much kudos should accrue to us from the eventual victory. What happens to the small man, however game, at the share-out of the giants? Indeed, we may find it difficult enough, in the Dominions and many other overseas territories, to maintain our former position; and that goes for the white inhabitants of some of the Dominions and overseas territories themselves. As stated before, it is useless to base population estimates of the British Empire on numbers of indigenous peoples as well as white settlers.

We may prate as we like of benefits conferred and the remarkable loyalty of many coloured races in emergency. But we shall always be regarded secretly as usurpers in overseas territories unless we have a numerical preponderance of whites therein. Moreover, in the Dominions and other half-empty lands, we must have not only that preponderance—already possessed in most Dominion cases—but also adequate numbers to make full use of the territories, and defend them against any possible aggression of the largest neighbouring powers. What then is our duty, indeed, our only hope for the future?

It is surely that we start to plan now, and organise with all our enthusiasm and ability after the war, a transfer of population from Britain and Europe to those parts of the Empire that are at present under-populated. The movement must be on a comparable scale to that which created modern America in the last quarter of last century, and it need not be any more racially exclusive. Let us briefly consider the case of each major overseas territory in turn.

II

Canada is not a barren country. Its climate and geographical conditions resemble those of north-eastern Europe, and are considerably better than those of, say, Asiatic Russia. The Dominion has, moreover, untapped

mineral resources and water-power, besides forest wealth, that far exceed the natural heritage either of Europe or of Russia. Yet Canada's population works out at no more than three inhabitants to the square mile. Compare Britain's and Belgium's approximate seven hundred to the square mile. All the European and most of the Asiatic countries have far denser populations than Canada; and even Russia, with all her Siberian territory, has about seventeen to Canada's three.

The Canadian calculation does, of course, include the empty and frozen lands of the far north—as the Russian calculation includes that of Siberia; but even in the districts of the Dominion that have been effectively developed, the population numbers are extraordinarily small. Here is what a distinguished sociologist has to say about it:

'The populated parts of Canada are still relatively limited and consist of a narrow band along the American frontier. There are, it is true, two fairly dense zones with at least twenty-five inhabitants per square mile and often many more—I mean first the districts north of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, and secondly the valley of the St Lawrence. There are also a few areas in the Maritime Provinces with a fair density. Then come four zones with a population of less than twenty-five inhabitants per square mile: up-country in the Maritime Provinces, the few parts of northern Ontario and Quebec which have been colonised, the western prairies, and, in British Columbia, the coast and a few valleys. The rest, as Shakespeare says, is silence.' *

That is the initial facet of the Canadian instance. The uninhabited country is there, and at least half of it could be inhabited, and could in time yield its inhabitants a high standard of living. First, they could grow ample food for their needs, and obtain any extra food from the well-developed parts, which have long been over-producing in terms of the local population. Second, they could provide, as consumers of clothing, household articles, motor cars, and capital goods, a home market for those young Canadian manufacturers whose principal problem and limiting factor at present is their lack of such a market. Third, they could assist in the opening and

* 'Canada,' by André Siegfried (Cape), p. 48.

exploiting of the immense mineral and other resources of Canada that have been mentioned. They could wrest the metals and oils from the rock, and harness the water-power for the industries created to meet their demands. Consider the Canadian potentialities of one industry alone, that plastics manufacture which may well dominate the industrial world of to-morrow. Wood-pulp is the basic constituent of many of these substances which are to replace steel, wood, and stone in articles of everyday use. That raw material still covers half of unexploited Canada, and could be worked on the spot, if labour, capital, and a local market were made available by a resumption of large-scale immigration.

But there are other facets, notably that of feasibility. Immigration into Canada, as into the other Dominions, was virtually stopped after the depression of the early 'thirties. It was believed by the majority of politicians, and by not a few economists just before the war, that saturation point had been reached in the Dominions, and that it would never be possible to reopen the gates wide again. Apart from the obvious working-out of that dangerous wages fund fallacy here, the politicians and economists were also overlooking other factors, principally that the Dominions had ceased to handle immigrants properly in the later years of admittance. They had continued still to treat them as individuals, who would in due course, they hoped, make good farmers; and they had forgotten not only that the days of individualism in agriculture were past, but also that successful pioneering was only possible when good communications were provided. The later immigrants were allowed to heap up indiscriminately and without guidance along the narrow strips of developed territory that have been detailed by M. Siegfried. There were too many of them for comfort in these temporarily depressed areas, and too few of them for any difference to be made to the consumer power of the country.

It was no accident that Canada's greatest period of population expansion took place early this century after the construction of the three transcontinental railways. These lines literally opened the country. But they remain to this day no more than streaks across the vastness. Settlers have never, for obvious reasons, strayed far

from them, and what is termed over-settlement has naturally taken place along their sides. Therefore it will be essential, for further development of Canada by immigrants, that the existing communications be extended. A means is provided already in aviation, particularly in the forced-draught facilities of the Empire Air Training Scheme, productive of airmen, aircraft, aircraft factories, and airfields alike.

But above all, and especially for the purposes of Canadian expansion, the planners of any mass migration scheme after the war must forget about the individualist pioneering of former times and concentrate on large-scale, organised settlements. It is not suggested that communism should be recruited for the job, but Soviet Russia has taught us a great deal, and the idea of large, centrally-controlled settlements is by no means un-British. Our most distinguished experts in colonisation, from Edward Gibbon Wakefield to Professor Stephen Leacock, have ever advocated such methods, which have never as yet been tried on a large enough scale.

Admittedly if men and women from Britain and overcrowded European countries are sent in considerable numbers with a few pounds capital to Canada after the war they will fail, and will be a terrible drag on the economy of a young country that is already over-inflated in terms of the old order. But if they are sent under a great scheme, the object of which is to organise them for the wholesale exploitation of Canada's sleeping resources, they will very probably succeed in transforming Canada from a largely dependent to a fully independent power, giving her what she at present lacks and the United States has—a population sufficient to make the land economically self-contained and politically impregnable.

III

But New Zealand of all the Dominions is the perfect example of what is wrong to-day and provides the most compact example of what might be done to-morrow. Larger than England, Scotland, and Wales together, with an ideal climate and a fertile soil, this country has a population of barely 1,600,000, less than that of a large London district. Therefore she has had to rely hitherto

on overseas countries, mainly Great Britain, for capital to develop her lands, and for manufactured goods. Prior to the war she was producing some 55,000,000*l.* worth of farm goods a year for export, over 80 per cent. of which went to Britain. When those exports declined in 1931 to 35,000,000*l.* the country's finances were thrown into confusion. Salaries, rents, interest rates, and imports had to be cut down; agricultural bankruptcy stalked the land; the currency suffered depreciation. Although prices for export produce eventually improved, it became evident that the British market had definite limits. When the British Government announced at last that it would have to restrict imports of Dominion produce, New Zealanders realised that their period of sheltered economic progress was at an end.

In the light of these facts, New Zealand's industrial and agricultural problem is simply stated. To maintain her high standard of living—perhaps the highest in the world—she must continue after the war to sell an increasing amount of primary produce every year. Where can she sell it? It hardly seems that Europe, however smashed and starving, will develop into a permanent and expanding market for the produce of the antipodes. Britain will have increased her own food production during the war, and may aim at self-sufficiency afterwards. In any case, all the evidence of recent times goes to show that European peoples are not eating so much animal foodstuffs as they used to—over the long term and excluding the war, that is. There is not, and there will not be for a long time, any potential demand from Oriental countries for the type of food produced by New Zealand.

The obvious way to solve New Zealand's urgent problem is to expand the population of the country, so that a large home market may be developed, not only for the consumption of the agricultural and pastoral surplus, but also for the encouragement of local manufacturing industries. At present, as has been shown, New Zealand has a population too small to use more than a fraction of her farm production. Economists have demonstrated that the land is capable of carrying at least ten times its present population.

If the population of New Zealand were increased by

ten times its present amount, the farmers would sell their meat, butter, wool, and fruit to their own fellow countrymen, who in turn would be employed by great manufacturing industries, the products of which would be readily absorbed within the country. At present the manufacturing industries of the Dominion are in their infancy, and their existence is dependent upon the maintenance of high tariff barriers and an imports licensing system. Fortunately the Dominion possesses great mineral wealth, abundant water power, vast open spaces that await intensive cultivation, and a climate that suits Europeans perfectly. Then she has fine capital works, many of them white elephants and financial drags at present, but merely awaiting the population. The far-seeing pioneers borrowed huge sums of money in order to promote these works, such as roads, railways, administrative buildings, bridges, and hydro-electric enterprises, that they believed would be required eventually for the large population they envisaged. As that population has not eventuated, the present comparatively small number of New Zealanders have to pay the interest charges on frozen assets that they cannot develop to the full. An influx of population into the Dominion would make these enterprises pay, and would greatly reduce the huge *per capita* debt burden, in turn making it unnecessary to export so much produce to pay the annual charges.

And there would be no need to huddle in fear of the Japanese if ten or twenty times the number of the virile young men who are making New Zealand famous to-day were ready to defend her open shores.

IV

The mention of Japan leads the mind directly to Australia, whose problems, both to-day and in the future, are the most tangled of all. It was repeatedly demonstrated by economists before the war that if the Australian birth-rate continued to drop and was not compensated for by large-scale immigration, the population would begin to decline in twenty years or less. It was demonstrated that if the rate of increase in the last years of computation, 1930 to 1934, were allowed to remain

stationary, the population of Australia in 1984 would only be 9,500,000, or roughly half as much again as it is at present. Meanwhile the Japanese, at their normal rate of increase, would be numbered in hundreds of millions. In the seven years from 1930 to 1936 Australia actually *lost on balance* nearly 30,000 people of British stock through emigration. Indeed, this state of affairs was really worrying Australians just before the war, and it is a pity that the calamity intervened to terminate the arrangements that were being made to re-encourage immigration on a planned scale. Not only was the declining birth-rate a cause of anxiety, but also the prospect of there being inadequate numbers of skilled operatives to maintain the manufacturing industries that Australia realised she must have for defence purposes and for economic independence.

It is not, of course, true that Australia, as big on the map as the United States of America, could support the huge population of that country. Nobody, not even the Japanese, should need informing now that over half, and perhaps more, of this Dominion is no more capable of intensive settlement than the Western Desert of Egypt—in fact, less capable, because Nile water could be conveyed to the Western Desert for irrigation, whereas there is no such source of supply for the Australian ‘dead heart’ and for the regions of the north-west, the north-east, and the south. Not until it is discovered how to control climate and create rain-clouds from the sea for precipitation on the dry inland will much of Australia be worth the serious attention of man. But it is sometimes forgotten exactly how big this country is. Even if less than half of Australia is capable of settlement, that is a fairly large tract of country.

It is, in the opinion of Dr Griffith Taylor,* the foremost authority, no less than 717,000 square miles, nearly three times the area of Japan and her dependencies, over fourteen times the area of England. Those 717,000 square miles are, moreover, climatically suited to agriculture—and, of them, Australians have to date sown barely more than seven per cent. with crops or grasses. Even allowing for the patchy character of much of the country, for

* ‘Australia, Physiographic and Economic’ (Oxford).

rugged mountains and poor soils, it is apparent that there must still be room within those 717,000 square miles for a greatly increased and thriving population. But the remaining area of Australia should not be dismissed without some examination. There are 2,250,000 square miles more, of which 600,000 are classed by Dr Taylor as desert, 660,000 as 'sparse,' and the rest (about 1,000,000 square miles) as 'pastoral' lands. The tropic areas present a separate problem. But Australia could take 20,000,000 immigrants to-morrow, finance them by a new paper currency tied to production, and there would be a scramble to build houses and factories and provide clothing and food for a while; then everybody would be working to create the new and real nation of Australia, a Power that no Pacific enemy would ever dare to attack.

V

The present writer is not competent to discuss South Africa's population problem, though he will take the risk of asking whether two million whites can hope indefinitely to hold a country four times the size of the British Isles that also contains a coloured population, held in subjection, of seven millions. It is unnecessary to argue about the rights and wrongs of the matter. History has shown from the beginning, and it is showing at this very moment, that under-populated countries act as magnets to the rest. Moreover a country is under-populated according to this physical law if it contains an insufficient number of progressive people to develop its resources fully and protect it from the possible aggression of the largest neighbouring power: so that, at the present stage in history, a large coloured population is not enough. Java has its indigenous millions, but attracted the Japanese and fell before them because it was under-populated and under-developed in terms of modern industrial and military power.

Admittedly these arguments were advanced during the last war; and many wiseacres have written that they were disproved afterwards, when the units of the Empire endeavoured with almost indecent haste to spring apart from the tight confederation they had formed for the purposes of the war. Surely that post-war anarchy,

leading to the present catastrophe, stands self-condemned ; and it should be obvious that if the Empire had banded together after 1918 so to redistribute and encourage the growth of its white population as to improve the development, strength and stability of the whole, then we would be in a much better position to repulse our adversaries to-day, if we had any adversaries. The fact is that, at the present stage in the story of the human race, Western man is peculiarly suited to colonisation. It seemed until the end of the nineteenth century that Western man was destined to continue a process of self-enlargement, thus peopling and developing all the empty spaces of the backward parts of the world with his industrious offspring. But the end of the nineteenth century also saw the abrupt end of this great folk movement : national policies intervened to stop the expansion, and Western man, frustrated, canalised his virility into an orgy of self-destruction. You can blame the Germans, the Italians, and the Japanese as initiators of the fighting, but they will probably be seen over the years as symptoms of a malady. The historian of the future will not absolve ourselves from blame for sitting by idly while the disease began to spread from the cooped-up, frustrated body of Western man.

Therefore it is useless to think that eternal peace will be brought to pass after this war by the emasculation of Germany and Japan and by some elementary measures of economic humanitarianism. The peoples will have to be given employment, virile employment, if they are not to rot again, and their natural employment, like that of all animal creation, is the increase of their kind and the development of territories and industries to absorb and occupy the overflow. Thus the simple question of readjusting the dangerous maldistribution of population in the British Empire assumes international proportions and urgency. Indeed, it is obvious that with her own stationary population and inadequate birth-rate Great Britain could not fully remedy even the Dominions' lack of man-power herself. It would certainly be no use bothering about racial theories and trying to limit the emigration to Anglo-Saxons, Scandinavians, Dutch, and suchlike. There simply would not be enough of these to go round.

But this would be no disadvantage, or modern America, not predominantly Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, or Dutch in racial composition, is a less powerful country than we imagine. Good heavens, how can we, the most mixed people on earth, turn up our noses at a future mingling in the Empire of Central, Southern, and Eastern European peoples whose history, cultural and warlike, has been so famous? If no man, studying the achievements of modern America, can deny that the melting-pot there has produced, and is increasingly producing, a most potent brew, then no man can shudder at the prospect of filling out our hollow Empire on similar lines.

This question of future supply is, however, most important, and must be briefly examined with the help of authorities. The entire argument of the present article would, indeed, break down if the contention of some anti-migrationists, that European man is dying, were not refuted quickly by facts. Although it could not be shown that any country of north or west Europe were suffering before the war from congestion of population in the sense that it was experiencing troubles which could only be alleviated by a change in its population situation—and although it was agreed then that the annual surplus of births over deaths in these northern and western countries was rapidly diminishing—yet precisely the opposite was demonstrably true of southern and eastern Europe.

Just before the war Italy, Portugal, and Spain had an annual surplus of about 780,000 births over deaths, compared with the surplus of about 600,000 in the northern and western countries. Although this southern surplus was diminishing slowly at the last investigation,* it was apparent that additions to population would remain considerable for some time to come. Mussolini's campaign to increase the birth-rate was that of a megalomaniac, for Italy was already unable to feed all its mouths adequately (read Ignace Silone's sketches), and her bid for African expansion directly followed the closing of North American and other overseas doors to her emigrants. But the southern European countries were as nothing to those of central and eastern Europe (excluding Russia),

* 'World Population,' by A. M. Carr-Saunders. (Oxford, 1936.)

whose annual surplus of births over deaths was about 1,200,000. It was generally agreed that these countries were congested, suffering already from difficulties which could only be alleviated by population changes. Professor Carr-Saunders' careful opinion was definite that such countries would benefit by emigration 'equal to the natural increase,' and that they would 'benefit even more' if emigration exceeded the natural increase.

Poland was, and possibly still is, a country that could supply, with advantage to herself, an admirable type of emigrant. The dreadful operation that is being performed upon that unhappy land at present by the bestial German conqueror might even be regarded, over the long term by an observer of the cold, Malthusian type, as a kind of retribution for past failure to solve the Polish population problem. Here it is not so much a question of density to the square mile as of the maldistribution of land, which it might be possible to readjust by adoption, say, of the Soviet method of redistribution. But this would ignore the human element. Thousands, hundreds of thousands of peasants have been conditioned by penury and wars to reach a state of apathy, from which even the most generous treatment might fail to rescue them. Before this war they were taking every chance to emigrate anywhere, to other European countries when the overseas gates were closed. Afterwards they would undoubtedly respond with pitiful enthusiasm to a scheme which promised them a new, free life far away from burnt-out home.

Conditions in such countries as Rumania, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia are similar, the population being dense while the proportion of inhabitants engaged on the lowest form of subsistence agriculture is unduly high. Professor Carr-Saunders may be called upon authoritatively to sum up: *

'The evidence goes to show that Poland and Italy certainly, and possibly also south-east Europe to some slight extent, are overcrowded. Moreover, this overcrowding is not of a kind that can be relieved immediately by a resumption of world economic activity as is the case with such western European countries as may for a time in one sense be over-

* 'World Population,' by A. M. Carr-Saunders. (Oxford, 1936.)

populated. For, owing to paucity of the facilities at present essential to industrial development, no considerable expansion of industrial employment is possible; so long as industry rests upon its present foundations, it is a delusion to suppose that these countries can imitate the example of England and find an outlet for an increasing population in industry.'

The present writer is planning from the standpoint that any wholesale recasting of the 'foundations of industry' would probably do more harm than good in the long run. He wants to see less, not more, interference with the acquisitive instinct of man. On the one side, then, is the Soviet method, which Europe will have to adopt in solution of the population problem if present tendencies are allowed to continue unchecked. On the other side is the more natural method—that of releasing rather than imposing controls, and allowing the instinctive movement of populations to be resumed. This is like the movement of grazing animals in their wild state from ground to ground. Given elementary facilities of transport and tools, millions of unfortunate Europeans would long ago have moved away to fill the vacuums which nature abhors but short-sighted political man loves to preserve.

VI

It must be admitted, however, that before any plan could be formulated and introduced into practical politics much education of public opinion would have to be carried out, especially overseas. The appeal would have to be made to the acquisitive instinct and the intelligence; clear lines for this might be indicated in post-war economic problems, the solution of which may be impossible without further slump after economic slump if the overseas lands try to preserve the population *status quo*.

The Dominions, and also our own Colonial Office, must therefore be persuaded that they will not be safe unless they admit more men. If the lesson of this war has not been sufficiently plain—especially to a Dominion like Australia, which would have been unable to resist the most humiliating and damaging kind of alien invasion without external aid in man-power and supplies—then it should be the duty of the predominant nations after-

wards to insist that all participants in the new order of the Atlantic Charter should freely place their resources in the common pool. Each nation will be expected to make its contribution *in kind*, and what the undeveloped territories can offer is obviously land. But, as indicated, they would lose nothing and only gain by the act—gaining political security, economic power, and the chance of developing into mighty nations indeed.

Europe is not finished, not by a long way. This continent will actually be stimulated by the present war to continue its titanic struggle for existence, and the millions will irresistibly beat against the barriers. Such will yield before them, and great redistributions of population will follow willy-nilly. If the overseas territories of the British Commonwealth struggle to maintain their own barriers while others are falling—while, for instance, the Americas, and Russia, and Asia swell before the tide—then eventually they will be at an impossible numerical disadvantage and will suddenly succumb and lose all British identity. It is for them to choose now, perhaps the last chance they will be offered.

DONALD COWIE.

Art. 7.—WORDS IN VOGUE: WORDS OF POWER.*

WORDS are very important things ; at the lowest estimate, they are indispensable counters of communication.

Words are as beacons to lighten the darkness of our ignorance, but too many of us have been blinded with an excess of light ; the excess is ours. Words are a solvent

* As this is not a lexicographical study, I have not noted the earliest appearance of the words (or the relevant senses). For the sake of convenience, I have drawn the majority of the quotations from six notable books, chosen after I had formed my list, books cited illustratively with no unfavourable implication (vogue words, after all, indicate vogue—or prevalent and predominant—ideas) ; of these only one, 'Strangers,' is a novel :

W. R. Inge : 'Outspoken Essays,' 1919 ; 2nd series, 1922.

A. N. Whitehead : 'Adventures of Ideas,' 1933.

Lord Samuel : 'Belief and Action,' 1937.

Claude Houghton : 'Strangers,' 1938.

W. Theimer : 'The Penguin Political Dictionary,' 1939.

Olaf Stapledon : 'Beyond the Isms,' 1942—the most stimulating of them all.

of clotted prejudice, but too many of us have made of them a reinforcement of the insensate atavism of inherited opinions. We have allowed too many of the beacons to become wreckers' lights; too many of them to become self-important and arrogantly autonomous. Especially during a war. We saw their importance exaggerated in 1914-18, when to say *Hun* was to knock your opponent insensible with an unanswerable bludgeon. In the interval between the two great wars, *Bolshie*—though less in the 1930's—was even more deadly. And in this war, such words as *Aryan*, *totalitarian*, *Blitzkrieg*, and such catch-phrases as *time is on our side* and *we can take it*, have become dangerously symbolic, powerful and soporific: we forget that *Aryan* merely cloaks a myth, that the only adequate reply to *totalitarian* is *total warfare*, that we should cease to regard ourselves as the heroes of the 1940-41 aerial *Blitzkrieg*, that although *time is on our side* we have turned it to poor account and time will still be on our side when we're dead, and that instead of being so masochistically eager to *take it* we might be more energetic in *giving it*.

War, however, heightens the effect of all words and phrases that possess, or seem to possess, an extrinsic power in addition to an intrinsic magic: and war makes, of fashionable words that would in peace-time die a natural and unmourned death, words of power: verbal sticks with which to beat the public or verbal drugs with which to send them to sleep—although far too many persons are administering the drugs to themselves and thereby committing spiritual hara-kiri.

With the precaution that some of the words here treated might have been classified otherwise without harming anybody (except perhaps myself) I have divided the most important of these vogue-words into two groups: (a) the Political; (b) the Psychological and Philosophical. There are many other vogue-words, such as the Journalistic and the Cultural, but, less important, they find no place here.

The definitely political group—that is, words and phrases that, however much used by journalists, remain predominantly political—is slightly the larger. It forms an interesting and important list: *economic* (*man*, etc.); *bourgeois*, *Communism* (and *proletariat*), *democracy*,

Naziism and Fascism, dictatorship; New Order, power politics, Herrenvolk, Führerprinzip, Lebensraum, corporate state, totalitarian, total war(fare); scrap of paper, sanctions, appeasement; Aryan, militarist, barbarism; and integration.

Dean Inge, in 1919, mentions that 'unreal abstraction—the "economic man", a relic of Victorian economics. Professor A. N. Whitehead, in 1933, says, 'We can all remember our old friend, the economic man. The beauty of the economic man was that we knew exactly what he was after. Whatever his wants were, he knew them and his neighbours knew them' ('Adventures of Ideas'). But *economic* figures also in the following oft-recurring phrases: *economic interpretation of history* (Whitehead), *economic factor, economic conditions, economic necessity, and economic system*; several of them occur notably, for example, in Lord Samuel's 'Belief and Action,' 1937.

Bourgeois and *bourgeoisie* have, among Socialists and Communists, ousted 'middle-class' and 'the middle class'; mostly because of Marx, who applied *bourgeoisie* to 'the class of proprietors (other than agricultural), capitalists, manufacturers, merchants, persons with a business of their own, leading employees and members of liberal professions equal to them in income, education, and social standing, as opposed to the "proletariat"' (Theimer). In Mr Claude Houghton's 'Strangers,' 1938, we find one of the characters asserting that '[Mediocrity's] the god of the bourgeois.' Here it may be interpolated that this sensitive and spiritually alert man of letters is extremely valuable to any systematic investigator of vogue-words, words of national import; particularly his 'Hudson Joins the Herd' and 'Strangers.' Not that the bourgeois need worry about the label. Mr Olaf Stapledon, in his profound and brilliant 'Beyond the Isms,' 1942, has noted that 'like Puritanism, science was made possible by the rise of the bourgeois.'

Proletariat is a convenient—though to some a derogatory—term for the working classes, especially if we remember that many middle-class people work harder than the vast majority of the working classes. 'The introduction of machinery, the gathering together of masses of workers, an unrestrained competition in the labour-market, together with recurring cycles of bad

trade, created the modern proletariat and brought untold numbers into misery,' as Lord Samuel has said in 'Belief and Action,' where the term is often used. It occurs also in the already quoted works of Houghton, Stapledon, and Theimer, who notes that *proletariat* strictly applies to property-less wage-earners. *Communism* and *Communist* do not require exemplification.

But something should be said of *democracy* and *democratic*. Since he now thinks rather differently, it is perhaps hardly fair to quote Dean Inge's criticism ('Outspoken Essays'); yet I do so, because *democracy*, despite its failings, now stands in unhappily heightened relief. 'The doctrinaire democrat still'—in 1919—'vapours about democracy, though representative government has obviously lost both its power and its prestige.' Professor Whitehead has written, 'In the last quarter of the eighteenth century, Democracy was born, with its earliest incarnations in America and in France' (1933). Mr Theimer has expressed what is the sad recognition by many of us that 'democracy has been challenged by "authoritarian" tendencies in recent times, and dictatorships, denying democratic methods and rights, have sprung up in a number of countries,' and, a year earlier, Lord Samuel made some arresting references to this theme in 'Belief and Action.'

Naziism (now generally *Nazism*) and *Fascism*, with the adjectives *Nazi* and *Fascist*, are almost too much with us to make quotation necessary. Theimer's articles on these allied political creeds are worth re-reading for their sound commonsense, but Olaf Stapledon's paragraphs attain to that much higher sphere of *good sense* and penetrating insight, as when (in 1942) he says that 'Nazism is the *reductio ad absurdum* of pure collectivism; but it is also, I believe, an obscure protest against materialism, a tragically confused and perverted reassertion of the "spirit"' or when, of the 1920's and early 1930's, he says that 'there was a longing for a new and bracing idea to save man from his directionless, self-indulgent way of living. This was the social situation which bred the exasperated, neurotic condition favourable to Fascism and Nazism.' Notable, too, is the long chapter on 'What Fascism Is,' in Professor Laski's 'Where Do We Go From Here?' (1940).

Dictatorship, although it has already been mentioned, does merit further mention. In 1937, with what now seems like prophetic foresight, Lord Samuel wrote, 'Dictatorships, it must be agreed, have their advantages, at all events at the outset. There may be speed of action and efficiency of administration such as democracies sometimes lack.' A year later, Claude Houghton penetratingly remarked, 'Dictators yelled that they represented a united nation, but, actually, dictatorship was only the recognition of a permanent state of civil war.' It is, above all, dictator Hitler who has spoken so glibly and delusively of *the New Order*; Italy and Japan have parroted this Germanic cry. Its origin is implicatively seen in Lord Samuel's lament, uttered in 1937: 'Nor is there any clear vision anywhere of new ideas for the founding of a new order'—'of a beneficent kind,' he should have added.

Intimate constituents of the *Herrenvolk's* New Order are the doctrines of *Führerprinzip* and *Lebensraum*. Stapledon records two 'causes of Nazism . . . peculiar to Germany': traditional 'opposition to the civilisation of Western Europe' and 'the fact that this great people, with its recurrent dream of becoming the acknowledged "*Herrenvolk*" [master-people] of the world, had suffered a decisive defeat in war.' On June 22, 1942, 'The Daily Telegraph,' in a leader, has the biting sentence, 'Confident boasts that Russia would be beaten in three months . . . and the *Herrenvolk* subdue the Slavs for ever have vanished behind the shadows of millions of German dead and wounded.'

Even *Herrenvolk* require a leader; that the Germans, the most mass-suggestible nation in the world, not merely require but welcome a fiery, autocratic leader must be obvious to all except the most indurated of wishful-thinkers. Of the *Führerprinzip* (literally, leader-principle), as on so many other things, Lord Samuel has a trenchant remark. 'The Fascist-Nazi system is based upon another doctrine, besides internationalism, militarism and the Hegelian conception of the State—the principle of personal leadership. The aura surrounding the State is extended to the spokesman. Here the new philosophy pursues earlier tendencies. Frequently recurring in both German and Italian history is the cult of the Hero. The present *Führerprinzip* is the formulation of old practice.'

Even more notorious is the doctrine of *Lebensraum*, living room or living space: 'a new slogan of German imperialism' is Theimer's comment; rather is it a new name for the 'place in the sun' (*place au soleil*) of the first score years of this troubled century. It is, in practice, a flimsy excuse for unprovoked aggression (*ôte-toi de là que je m'y mette*!). So well known has *living room*, its prevalent English translation, become that 'The Evening News' of July 2, 1942, could publish a Gittins cartoon representing Hitler gazing at the graves of German soldiers killed at Sebastopol and saying 'And I promised them living room.'

Less known than *Lebensraum* but rather better known than *Führerprinzip* is *Machtpolitik* in its English form: *power politics*: a mirage-presentment of the cynically Germanic axiom that 'might is right.'

Worthy in origin but perverted in practice is *corporate state*. A corporate state might conceivably—it would be unwise to say 'probably'—be a success, although its basic principle is indubitably inferior to that of democracy. 'A practical test has not been made so far, as the corporate systems which have been set up hitherto have all been working under a dictatorship, and are little short of a pliant mask for autocracy,' as Walter Theimer has acutely noted. Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy are nominally corporate states; in effect they are authoritarian or, rather, that exaggeratedly dictatorial form: *totalitarian* states. This 'Aryan, -arian' adjective was esteemed to be worth its place in the 1934 Supplement of 'The Concise Oxford Dictionary.' The definition runs: 'Relating to a polity that permits no rival loyalties or parties. *T. state* (with only one, the governing, party).' The individual is subordinated to the State; the State is all—or almost all. There is, of course, the Führer or the Duce. 'Devotion to a man,' General Wavell remarks in 'Generals and Generalship' (a series of three lectures delivered early in 1939), 'has sometimes inspired soldiers in the past. Will it do so again in the totalitarian countries?' Well, we know the answer to that one! The derivative noun, *totalitarianism*, is much rarer than its parent; it does, however, occur at least twice in Olaf Stapledon's book.

A totalitarian state is well equipped and far from

reluctant to wage *total war*; to a Hitler, any alternative to total warfare is unthinkable, and we have, since September, 1939, had almost sufficient opportunity to realise the importance of total or, as we English prefer to say, 'all-out' effort. One totalitarian state has, ever since 1914, guffawed at the validity of a *scrap of paper*; the cogency of *sanctions* has, for some years, been sneered at by another such state; and both of these totalitarians have, since the rape of Czechoslovakia, made a Germanic gibe and a Roman ribaldry of *appeasement*. As Lord Samuel has mildly said, the war of 1914-18 proved that 'under stress, treaties may become mere "scraps of paper"': Bethmann-Hollweg's phrase, referring to the treaty guaranteeing Belgian neutrality and spoken to the British Ambassador in Berlin in August 1914, has done Germany no good: unfortunately too many of us too soon forgot that that unethical gesture was typical of German political and military thinking.

'Sanctions and appeasement, forsooth!' *Sanction(s)* is a slightly puzzling word, for it has two senses that are antithetic, 'reward' and 'punishment, penalty'; one neutral sense, 'authority, (official) permission' ('The theory of democracy—*vox populi vox dei*—is a pure superstition, a belief in a divine or natural sanction which does not exist,' Inge); and a further sense, a specialisation of the 'penalty' one. This last is the short form of the fuller *punitive* (or *vindictory*) *sanction*; is predominantly political; and has, in the main, resulted from the League of Nation's usage, *sanctions* being either those penalties which, set forth in a treaty or agreement, attach to disobedience, or the statutory enforcements of those penalties. This, now the prevalent sense, is exemplified in the cited works of Samuel, Theimer, and Stapledon—and in scores of others.

Appeasement, that fatuous sop to a Cæsar-Cerberus and a hungry Hitler, was assiduously practised by Britain from 1937 to early 1939; but even Neville Chamberlain at last perceived that this pouring of international kindness and accommodation down a drain was an 'expense of spirit in a waste of shame'; so ended the 'appeasement of international brigandage' (Stapledon).

Appeasement was doomed to fail against *Aryan militarist barbarism* and against a Mussolini fortified

with the comfortable knowledge of a Hitler backing him up. What 'that blessed word *Mesopotamia*' was to the dear old lady of the fable, *Aryan* has, throughout the twentieth century (for it is no new thing), been to the Germans. During the war of 1914-18, Dean Inge could write with superb irony, 'Wherever we find marked energy and nobleness of character, we may suspect Aryan blood; and history will usually support our surmise.' The Aryans were invented by the philologist Max Müller, who later recognised his error and vigorously retracted it: 'He emphasised that "*Aryan*" was only a philological term, and meant neither blood nor bones, nor hair, nor skull. As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as an Aryan in Europe. The myth, however, has survived its creator and become the principal weapon of anti-Semitism' (Theimer). As a synonym of 'non-Jewish,' it is superfluous; as a synonym of 'German,' it is farcical.

Militarism and *militarist* have the merit of usefulness; *militarist* signifies something more precise than 'warlike' on the one hand; on the other, than 'belligerent': as applied to Germany it denotes 'dominated by military ideas' and connotes 'having ambitions of conquest by means of a professional army.' In 1917, in an article republished in 'Outspoken Essays,' Dean Inge caustically declared that 'the immunity from militarism hitherto enjoyed by Britain and the United States was a fortunate accident, not a proof of higher morality.' 'The militarist philosophy' (Samuel) of Germany had its roots in the Dark Ages; it was revived, in practice, by Frederick the Great; it was lyricised by Nietzsche and systematised by Treitschke; and Hitler has apotheosised it.

Barbarians and *barbarism* were terms frequently applied to the Germans in the war of 1914-18: and they have been resuscitated and refurbished for use in this war. That Professor Whitehead was, even in 1933, distrustful of the Germans is clear from the following brief passages from 'Adventures of Ideas.' 'Barbarism and civilisation were at odds with each other, and we stand for civilisation.' 'A Barbarian speaks in terms of power. He dreams of the superman with the mailed fist. He may plaster his lust with sentimental morality of Carlyle's type. But ultimately his final good is conceived as one

will imposing itself upon other wills. This is intellectual barbarism.' No journalist has put the case so cogently ; no man of letters so tersely.

Against barbarism, kid gloves are ineffectual. As a factor of democratic aggressiveness, however, co-ordination has its value. That brings us to what is the latest vogue-word. *Integration*. 'Integration of personality' has for some years been a commonplace among psychologists ; in politics it is new. From 'The Daily Telegraph' of June 29, 1942, comes this paragraph over the name of that witty composite 'Peterborough' (a sort of Siamese sextet) : 'After a noteworthy career of some seven years the word "co-ordination" is fast becoming demoded in the best political quarters. Any M.P. who wants to keep abreast of the times is now careful to speak of "integration." So much is the word to the fore in Ministerial statements and Whitehall announcements that I suspect a co-ordinated—I mean integrated—move to secure its adoption. It has obvious advantages. It saves a hyphen, to say nothing of a letter.'

As psychology has 'lost' *integration*, so it has given a number of terms to become vogue-words. From psychology and the other philosophies have come the following, several of which might have fallen into a Cultural group. These are *organism* ; *atavistic*, *ideology*, *moral anarchy*, *code* ; *to condition* ; *the ego* ; *neurosis* and *psychosis*, *repression*, *inhibition*, *sublimation*, *complex* and *wishful thinking* ; *space-time* and *cosmos* (and *cosmic process*) ; *scientific attitude* ; *individualist* and *self-expression* (or *-realisation*) ; *spiritual values*.

Organism, a scientific term, has been much used in the political sciences and in the philosophies. As Lord Samuel has said, 'We may be misled by a metaphor or an analogy. The State in some respects resembles an organism. . . . But the State is not in fact an organism. That is a biological term, and the State is not biological.' Some fifteen years earlier, Dean Inge had suggested that 'the "social organism" is a very low type of organism.' Spengler, who, perhaps deliberately, confused many issues, gave it as his opinion that 'cultures are organisms, and world history is their collective biography' ; but *Kultur* bears too many marks of being a regimented organisation.

To such an organisation, with its *ideology* and its *moral anarchy*, we must oppose a genuine *code* of faith and fortitude. The ideology has much of the *atavistic*. 'Pugnacity, greed, mere excitement, the contagion of a crowd . . . are plainly atavistic and pathological' (Inge). Much newer than *atavistic* is *ideology*, which originally meant the science of ideas but has also come to mean visionary speculations and, especially in reference to Germany and Italy, a system of political ideas subserving a national aim (world-dominion; imperial Rome). We can speak, too, of 'the Marxian ideology' (Stapledon).

One set of ideologies may—and often does—speak of its ideological opponents as exponents of *moral anarchy*, which often follows on that intellectual barbarism to which Whitehead alluded. A good example of the phrase occurs in this ironically rhetorical question, 'Shall we say: It is liberty of thought and action which has brought these confusions; let us abandon liberty; let us follow whoever has the courage to seize power and the cunning to control ideas; let us accept intellectual tyranny for fear of moral anarchy?' (Samuel, 1937).

To moral anarchy, moralists would oppose a moral *code*: prudence hints that we should also enlist an intellectual code and a spiritual code. Whitehead points out that 'the codes of all religions also embody the particular temperaments and stages of civilisation of their adherents' and that 'no code of verbal statement can ever exhaust the shifting background of pre-supposed fact.' *Code*, originally a systematic collection of statutes and laws, has come to have many applications. 'Theology offers one code; public opinion another; the economic system a third; the State a fourth' ('Belief and Action').

All codes, however, are racially, culturally, temporally, and otherwise conditioned. To *condition*, a psychological term (especially in *conditioned reflexes*: a theory that, at the edges, is being frayed by its own inadequacy), has already gained much ground; it often displaces 'to determine; to mould, e.g. by the influences of environment; to train.' (The derivative *conditioning* is almost as common.) Here are several impressive examples of its use: 'Our knowledge is conditioned by our needs as human beings' (Inge, 1922); Whitehead, 1933, speaks of 'mutual behaviour conditioned by imposed laws' and,

in a metaphysical context, says that 'the laws which condition each environment merely express the general character of the occasions composing that environment'; 'Grantham walked slowly towards the Circus, speculating on the extent to which his decision to see Crystal had conditioned his outlook' (Claude Houghton, 1938): 'At any particular time there is a conflict between the established morality and the new moral principles to which men are being gradually "conditioned" by new circumstances' (Stapledon, 1942).

'The *ego* and the *id*': 'the conscious thinking subject' and 'the instinctive impulses of the individual' ('The Concise Oxford Dictionary'), or an individual's conscious personality and blind instincts: this remains a psychological, especially a psycho-analytical technicality; but 'the *ego*' has become a vogue term, 'a word of power.' Non-psychological writers sometimes extend its meaning, as in 'In many places "life" in our version [of the New Testament] represents . . ., which means the individual life—the nearest equivalent of "the Ego"' ('Outspoken Essays,' 2nd Series). 'She looked at me, for the first time, as though I was really there and not an extension of her own fantastic little ego' (C. Day Lewis, 1938).

Psychology has become more complicated, more subtle, less dogmatic. We have revolted against the excessive bugbears and jungle-ghosts of Freud: but the residue of Freud's teaching enables us to understand much that was formerly obscure.

Psychosis and *neurosis* may conveniently be considered together, as both are derangements, the former mental, the latter functional. (Definition of this inter-related pair tend to differ; and in popular usage, there is much uncertainty as to the border-lines.) Concerning the allegations of German atrocity during the war of 1914-18, 'The Daily Telegraph,' in a leader, on June 27, 1942, reminded us that 'In this country, too, it became common form to dismiss the stories as inventions born of a "war psychosis".' *Neurosis* itself is hardly a vogue-word, but its adjective *neurotic* certainly is: witness its use in William James's 'The Varieties of Religious Experience,' in Lord Samuel's 'Belief and Action,' and in Olaf Stapledon's 'Beyond the Isms' ('neurotic experiences studied by psychiatrists').

Not unconnected are *repression* and *inhibition*; (a) *complex*; *sublimation* and *wishful thinking*. We have heard much of the deliberate *repression* of natural impulses, and of *inhibition*—one's instinctive or habit-induced shrinking from a forbidden action. We have heard almost too much of *complexes*, especially of *inferiority complex*: and far too many of us misuse *complex* (a complete field or set of feelings and ideas in reference to a particular subject or emotion; feelings and ideas not necessarily, though frequently, abnormal) and *inferiority complex*, so often misapprehended to denote 'an excessive sense of one's own inferiority,' whereas it should denote the entire field of one's feelings and ideas concerning personal inferiority—not merely the abnormality that springs from a *suppressed* sense of inferiority, even though, from the very nature of the case, we inevitably tend to concentrate upon abnormality, as in this quotation from 'Beyond the Isms.' 'If, as happens to some extent to all of us, some of our frustrated sentiments'—not necessarily ignoble—'are unconscious; if, because they are in violent conflict with our sentiment of self-esteem, we dare not recognise their existence; if in fact they are "complexes," they may have far-reaching and disastrous effect on our behaviour.' Two salutary examples occur in 'Adventures of Ideas.' '... Plato and Aristotle defined the complex of general ideas forming the imperishable origin of Western thought.' 'In every age of well-marked transition there is the pattern of habitual dumb practice and emotion which is passing, and there is the oncoming of a new complex of habit.'

Sublimation is the refined and idealised form that one can impose upon an habitual emotion or a powerful, long-enduring desire. By sublimation, love can, from selfish, become unselfish; from predominantly physical, become predominantly spiritual. So with ambition; so too with that restlessness which is born of excessive energy. 'The arts of civilisation,' says Whitehead, 'now spring from many origins. . . . But they are all sublimations, and sublimations of sublimations, of the simple craving to enjoy freely the vividness of life which first arises in moments of necessity.'

From excessive sublimation, *wishful thinking* may arise; not that all wishful thinking is bad! This delight-

ful phrase merely puts into modern phraseology the idea informing the old proverb, 'the wish is father to the thought': it is dangerous when it results from, or leads to, ill-founded optimism. In one place, Olaf Stapledon can write, 'Gradually scientific integrity, intellectual honesty, came to be felt as the supreme virtue, and wishful thinking became the deepest sin against the spirit'; in another, with equal integrity, he writes, 'My last word to the sceptic about the spirit is this. Let him earnestly examine his own heart. He has too easily cowed us by his air of superior intellectual integrity and by his imputation of confused and wishful thinking. It is time that we who recognise the spirit should have the courage of our convictions, and turn the tables on him.'

The *scientific attitude* has enabled us to learn of *space-time* and the *cosmic process* and much more about the *cosmos* itself. *Space-time* need not delay us. Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington have entertained and excited us with spacious talk of the *cosmos* (the universe, not as a fortuitous concourse but as a systematic, or at least an ordered whole) and the *cosmic process*. 'When the average man . . . is confronted with the vastness of the *cosmos* as it is now revealed, he stands appalled' (Samuel, 1937). Less appalling yet even more impressive intellectually is the process of which Dean Inge wrote, in 1917, that 'the entire cosmic process is the life-frame of the universal Soul, the Divine Logos.' An extension of *cosmic* occurs in the following sentences:

'It is a kind of cosmic snobbery to expect us to feel "humble" in the presence of astronomical dimensions merely because they are big' ('Belief and Action').

'As you get on [in years], you begin to regard the preservation of your own skin as a feat of cosmic importance' ('Strangers').

The *scientific attitude* has so bluffed its way into general acceptance that some people would not dream of questioning its validity. Well worth reading is Professor C. H. Waddington's 'The Scientific Attitude,' a 1941 'Pelican.' After it, however, you should, if you have not already done so, read Olaf Stapledon's chapter on the fundamental weakness of 'the sceptical scientific attitude' ('Beyond the Isms').

Many an *individualist* and many a believer in *self-*

expression, *self-realisation*, have rebelled against it; above all, the individualist that possesses an adequate sense of *spiritual values* inevitably rejects its claims to sufficiency. *Individualism* is hardly a vogue-word, but *individualist* and its adjective *individualistic* are so fashionable as to be powerful.

'The whole structure [of Germany in the decade preceding the war of 1914-18] was menaced by that form of individualistic materialism which calls itself social democracy' ('Outspoken Essays').

'From the beginning of the sixteenth century this first form of institutional civilisation, with its feudalism, its guilds, its universities, its Catholic Church, was in full decay. The new middle classes, whether scholars or traders, would have none of it. They were individualists. . . . They wanted good order, and to be let alone with their individual activities' ('Adventures of Ideas'). Not only true individualists but also hedonists have urged the necessity of *self-realisation* by *self-expression*: 'the growing emphasis of self-expression has made restraint more irksome' (Samuel).

But more important are the last two terms on our list, *the spirit* and *spiritual values*, for they reflect the spiritual renaissance shown by the growing belief of all thinking persons in the necessity of a general re-attention to *spiritual values* and of a generally renewed fostering of *the spirit*. *Spiritual values* may be exemplified from 'Outspoken Essays,' where Dean Inge to some extent equates the spiritual with the ultimate (or absolute) values, Truth, Goodness, Beauty, and where he incidentally alludes to the former in the sentence, 'Ruskin and William Morris saw, and doubtless exaggerated, the danger to which spiritual values were exposed at the hands of the dominant economism.' *The spirit* is eloquently and vigorously defended and inculcated by Olaf Stapledon in his very remarkable little book 'Beyond the Isms,' especially in Chapter III, 'The Analysis of Human Living'; the entire book is more profoundly Christian than 99 per cent. of the works written by professed Christians. (Stapledon is an agnostic: the most spiritual of all agnostics.)

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

Art. 8.—RE-EDUCATING THE EDUCATED.

IN a book entitled the 'Future of Education,' which has deservedly received much attention, Sir Richard Livingstone, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and sometime Vice-Chancellor of Queen's University, Belfast, has made a plea for adult education on a grand scale, adult education for all ages and classes. He puts no limit to the categories of persons who require to overhaul their education in later life, and he pointedly includes the so-called educated classes, the holders of University degrees and other professional qualifications. As Sir Richard observes, education is not an *opus operatum* like Baptism or Confirmation, which once done needs no repeating. Even those who have been most perfectly groomed in the Universities cannot deny the possibility of further improvement without incurring, and justly incurring, the imputation of arrogance and complacency. All intelligent men realise this and try to develop their minds by reading, reflection, and debate. There already exist a fair number of refresher courses, summer schools, and the like, as Sir Richard Livingstone points out. But he wants more than this. He wants the educated classes to turn again to their general cultural studies and especially to social and political studies. Mature people in business and professional life have much to learn, as well as much to give in this field. As Sir Richard Livingstone says :

'They may be men of ability and good will. They may have had an excellent education. But they are living in the world as it was when they were in their twenties ; they have lost the intellectual and imaginative vigour which would have enabled them to move with the movement of the times ; the pace is too much for them, it frightens them, routine which is another name for action divorced from thought gets an increasing grip on them.'

Now we can all see that this may be so. We all of us become aware, if only by the polite contempt of our juniors, that perhaps the *Zeitgeist* is outpacing us and our *Weltanschauung* is becoming the worse for wear. Ideas are gaining force which we misunderstand and fear, books have been published which we have not read,

which perhaps we fear to read, and even if we do not suffer from these infirmities mere pressure of life prevents us from knowing and from meditating on many subjects which we should be glad to consider, given the time and the occasion. Reading and discussion in the ordinary way will do much but not enough. Some more formal and definite effort is required, as Sir Richard Livingstone points out. We need to have some days of absolute leisure, a change of surroundings and the apparatus of learning, a class, a teacher, and the relevant books. The Universities in vacation time can provide all these. We must therefore ask the questions, Who will teach them? What will they be taught? How willing will the pupils be to learn? Will they learn too little, enough, or, for it is just possible, too much?

Sir Richard Livingstone considers that the teaching can be provided. 'The Universities can provide the water; but they cannot get the horses (or the right number of horses) to drink it.' Since it would be useless to consider this question too much in the abstract, and cumbersome to survey the problem as it would affect all the Universities, this article will deal with it from the point of view of Oxford. Elsewhere there would be variations in treatment, but no great difference of principle. An important material fact would be residential facilities such as exist at Oxford, Cambridge, and St Andrews, but all Universities have some such facilities and all have books and teachers.

The average university don will probably find that his first reflection is pure dismay. After speeding our undergraduate pupils on the Saturday, are we really to turn up on the Monday morning to face a class of professional and business men? It calls to mind the passage in Homer telling of the land where it is always day and the shepherd driving home his beasts meets another leading his out to pasture.

In the end this is a problem of numbers and finance. Teaching staffs would have to be increased and a sustained demand would no doubt accomplish this. But the don, who is asked to instruct his equals and seniors in age, his superiors in many forms of experience, will wonder and in no spirit of false modesty, how much authority he will command. This will happen parti-

cularily in these social and political studies which Sir Richard conceives to be the most necessary as they are also the least perfect. If he has to face an audience of civil servants, the present writer can imagine his discourse studded with phrases, not usually conspicuous in his lectures to undergraduates, such as, 'under correction,' 'with all due diffidence,' 'I do not presume to state this dogmatically,' 'Mr X, who I am glad to see is present, will tell me if I am wrong.' We would hope indeed to learn much ourselves, and our teaching next term on certain branches of government might take on an added firmness. But this would be only a bye-product. The purpose of these schools would be to give busy men of practice an opportunity to revise their knowledge and ideas. But tact on one side and forbearance on the other would be needed to make it work. Civil servants and politicians have been known to express surprise at the extent to which the study of modern government has developed at Oxford and elsewhere. But this surprise is not without an element of patronage. One is reminded of Dr Johnson's remark on the dancing dog, the marvel being not that it dances well but that it dances at all.

Within the University there will be a school of thought unfriendly to the idea of educating the educated. Many scholars, and some of our finest scholars, consider that Education with a big E and Learning with a capital L are activities not complementary but opposed, that our academic studies should be disinterested and abstract, for the world to take or leave. They would regard the whole project as an absurdity and an impertinence. One can imagine one of them arguing as follows.

'Above all let us clear our minds of cant. If a number of lawyers or civil servants or others want to come here in the vacation to brush up their classics, their history or English or foreign literature, let them do so. As an activity it compares quite well with such alternatives as chess or music, no better and no worse. If these gentlemen think they would like to hear me expound my ideas about the reinterpretation of the Greek historians in the light of modern inscriptions, I shall consider it an honour to do so. But do not insult either them or me by supposing that we, any of us, believe that it will make them better lawyers or civil servants.' And there is another

difficulty. In so far as social and political studies are envisaged as the most frequent and important of the vacation courses, it must be remembered that they would be conducted by a small minority of University teachers. In a debate on education in the old Austrian Reichsrat, an aristocratic deputy of the extreme right intervened by asking the question, 'What is education?' And he answered it himself. 'Education is what one Jew teaches another Jew.' And so of our present social studies it may be said, that social studies are what one Radical teaches another Radical. The general political reputation of the London School of Economics is well known. With one or two distinguished exceptions those who engage in social studies in Oxford are Liberals and Socialists. There is scarcely even a handful of safe Tory votes in the whole faculty. The present writer, as a Liberal, is not unduly distressed by this. He may wish at times that his colleagues to the left of him would talk less nonsense and that his colleagues somewhat to the right of him would show a little more moral courage, but on the whole he is glad that the faculty counsels are not darkened by thick clouds of Tory obscurantism. But he is under no illusions as to the opinion which many eminent and able dons hold of himself and his faculty, judged as a political influence. Thus the trouble is that many dons will be not merely uninterested in this adult education but unwilling to see others engage in it. Megson of All Saints, the well-known authority on Anglo-Saxon folk-law, will hear with dismay that a batch of civil servants are to study through July with Gregson of Lux Mundi. Too often has his blood pressure been raised to danger point by Gregson's shallow and pretentious table-talk; he would roundly declare that if he thought that Whitehall was to be influenced by Gregson he would indeed despair of the republic. Nor would he be comforted by the suggestion that Gregson might learn some sense from the men of practice and experience. He knows Gregson much too well.

Now this is of importance if the University is ever asked to adjust its timetable or divert its financial resources in order to further plans for adult education. The Megsons are probably in the majority; they would only yield to a strong and sustained demand from out-

side. The distribution of University and College funds over the various subjects of learning is determined by two things, the demand for instruction by undergraduate or post-graduate students, and the general feeling that some subject ought to be represented at Oxford, whether or not there are students for it. Thus we have Professors of Celtic and of Byzantine and Modern Greek, although they cannot be said to have a large clientele; they are there because Oxford as a true *Universitas* should not be without them. Other subjects such as Finno-Ugric languages, Scottish or Canadian history, political psychology are still unprovided for. If we enter the field of advanced adult education its demands will have to be considered, and unless it provides great financial resources it will deflect our own funds from one purpose to another.

When we come to discuss what the adult students will be taught, it will at once appear that no very great difficulties will arise in so far as the demand is for literature, music, pure art, and history for its own sake. Sir Richard Livingstone in his book argues eloquently for the value of such cultural studies to men who have the maturity of experience to appreciate them. But when we come to the social and political, and therefore practical studies, it is not so easy to see our way. So much would depend on the lecturers and the books recommended. Even allowing for the fact that the classes would be composed of men unusually well-informed and independent in judgment, the assumption is that they would not be there unless they had something to learn and were willing to learn. Therefore the views of the lecturers and the books in the syllabus would go far to determine the general point of view taken away at the end by the pupils. The situation as it will be after the war is too obscure to speculate upon, at least for a person so little confident in his imaginative powers as the present writer. We may, however, consider how such educational schemes might have fared in the period between the two wars.

Let us imagine a body of professional men from London, Manchester, and Birmingham going to Oxford in April 1929 to study the problem of unemployment, to learn whether spending by public authority, as advocated by Messrs Lloyd George and Keynes, was the path of wisdom, or whether it was, as suggested by the leaders

of the Government and their high Treasury officials, a dangerous fallacy. Their mentors, the Oxford economists, would doubtless have told them that the public spending policy was in general entirely right and the case against it founded on ignorance, prejudice, and confused reasoning. Now in some ways this would be admirable. It would make them think. But it is not enough to say of any process that it would make people think; we must ask what it would make them think. In this case many would have thought that they had been led into a dangerous propaganda trap and either hardened their minds or moved on to Stratford to the Shakespeare festival. Let us imagine a similar body in Oxford in September 1931. They would be to a man supporters of the new National Government, full of wise saws about cutting your coat according to your cloth, of the nation living within the nation's income, of sound finance and wise economy, of horns drawn in and tightening belts. It would have been a considerable shock to find their mentors full of derision for the policy which would cure unemployment by reducing the demand for labour, which would face a crisis of under-consumption by consuming less. The intellectual impatience of Professor McGregor, the blasting scholarly scorn of Mr Meade, the intense rationalism of Mr Harrod, and the more pungent eloquence of Mr Lindley Fraser would have caused them much surprise, or it might have gone further and caused them acute shock. One can imagine them entering the classroom on that terrible Monday morning when we abandoned the gold standard, with drawn faces and leaden hearts, only to find their preceptors wreathed in smiles, laughing merrily at the pitiful contortions of 'The Times' and other orthodox journals and hopeful, though not without some serious reservations, of a speedy turn for the better in our affairs. The Birmingham contingent would have been particularly pained to learn that with the loss of the gold standard the last argument for a general protective tariff had gone. Many would have wondered into what strange Bedlam of perversity they had wandered, and on their return to London would have envied their colleagues who had saved railway fares by staying in London and hearing sounder doctrine from Professor Robbins who, young as he was, did none the

less display something of 'the constant service of the antique world.'

Now all this may be taken as a perfect example of how the educated might have been re-educated to good purpose, how hard fibres might have been softened and old muscles relaxed and made more supple. Even if the majority had only been repelled a minority might have been willing to learn with good effect. But the choice of teachers and curriculum will always be a most delicate matter. The case we have imagined is one in which set and obstinate conceptions needed loosening. In the sphere of international affairs it might have been that not the hardness but the looseness of conceptions would have made the problem. Study by such students as we have imagined of the actual facts of the peace settlement, the historical circumstances and antecedents, might have had a beneficial effect. We might have heard less foolish talk about the blunder of the allies in 'breaking up' the Austrian Empire when it had broken up long before the conference met, fewer ignorant comments on the 'new-fangled' devices of the Polish corridor and the Free City of Danzig, when it was learned that these had existed for many centuries of European history. But everything would have depended on the angle of approach and on the lecturers chosen. A series of courses on the Peace Settlement might have been so devised as to confirm the general aversion from it and the prevalent francophobia and germanophilia of the twenties and early thirties. In retrospect we might regard this as an evil, as contributing to an unnecessary bad conscience about the treaties. Our weakness in the will to enforce the instruments which we had spent a million lives to obtain might have been increased. The learned and speculative world is often wiser than the practical world, but if its general direction is wrong it is only more elaborately foolish.

The answer to all this may be that we are thinking of this kind of education too much in terms of a class and too little as a forum. Here we are in one of the eternal dilemmas of education. You may do one of two things. You may teach a coherent body of principle or doctrine, noting the criticisms to which it is open and providing the answers to the criticisms. In this way you achieve much and do good, providing your doctrine is sound. Or you

may use the method of the forum and let both sides be well presented, leaving the class to judge. This is good intellectual exercise and makes for general enlightenment but has little permanent effect. We may take as example the vexed question of Hungary and its position after the war. By the forum method, two sides of the case should be presented, for Hungary by Mr Macartney and against Hungary by Mr Seton-Watson. When both these two able and learned scholars have had their say, and we will presume them to have been about equally impressive in their advocacy, their audience, suspended like Buridan's ass, will probably find their opinions governed by some magnetism of prejudice. The sentimental radical will reflect that Hungary had all the glamour of being an enemy and a defeated state, but will more probably be governed by the fact that it was aristocratic and had engaged in a white terror. The Tory will remember perhaps that Hungary fought against us, but will give more force to the fact that it is an aristocratic monarchy governed by gentlemen, which knew how to send the Bolsheviks about their business. These are the great Icarian crags which dominate political opinions. Against their base the waters of fact and reason beat with slow erosion, slower still if the currents conflict and alternate.

Taking account of all these and any other considerations which may induce a certain agnosticism as to the value of what might be provided in the field of social and political studies, it may none the less be hoped that the adult students will receive much stimulus and acquire much useful information. To use Sir Richard's metaphor the Universities can provide the water, in limited quantities, not entirely free from sediment and perhaps not very palatable, but water none the less and good enough for thirsty men. But how thirsty will people be? How keen will be the demand for our water?

The adult students will come to us in two different sets of circumstances. They may come in their leisure time and at their own expense or they may come at the expense of their employer, be it the state or some other organisation. In the latter event the difficulties are not so great. The civil servant, for example, may welcome a week or two in Oxford as a relief from the office grind. The only thing that might deter him is the thought of

that fool X handling his job and piling up arrears for his return, or the insidious Y with his smooth tongue and facile charm worming his way into the Permanent Under-Secretary's good books. But on the balance, and especially in hot summer weather, the excursion would appeal to him. One can foresee some grumbles from the baser kind of tax-payer who might wonder why, when we have a system devised to secure the most superlatively well-educated University men for the public service, it is necessary to pay to have them revarnished so often. But for the purposes of our speculation we will credit Sir Richard Livingstone with the possession of an instrument capable of slaying these inconvenient Philistines. As he remarks in his book, it was once thought that factories could not work without child labour, but the change was made when it was felt to be necessary. So, if it is really in the general interest, it must be possible to provide people with the leisure for some adult education, even those supposed to be most indispensable. It is more difficult to know how far people will be willing to give up their own leisure. If we look back over the past twenty years it is not easy to conceive members of the 800*l.* to 2,500*l.* a year class taking their holidays at adult education classes. Travel, sport, mountain, and seaside were the main attraction. It is true that brushing up one's education should be ranked high as a lasting source of satisfaction. It would come under the heading of these social and intellectual pleasures, so highly thought of by John Stuart Mill on account of their durability. But although the reasoning of that famous philosopher can never fail to impress a serious man, thinking seriously, it has never been entirely convincing to normal appetites. One is reminded of Mr Stephen Leacock's description of modernist preachers who dispense with the old threats of hell-fire. 'In its place they set up the Demon of Eternal Remorse, warranted an effective substitute. The poor thing grins in its utter harmlessness.'

The problem will be not so much persuading the business and professional man of the need of improving his education, but inducing him to give up his golf, although in this respect the University of St Andrews, fitted in so many ways for summer schools, would have pre-eminent attractions. But there is one way in which

it may be easier to attract students in the post-war world ; there may be the stimulus of poverty. If there are lower standards of comfort, if foreign travel in ease and affluence is not available, if it is a case of the simple boarding house as opposed to the good hotel, then the educated classes may be driven to more serious, more sustaining, and cheaper pleasures. This is said in no spirit of cynicism, nor is it suggested that the classes under discussion were ever able to luxuriate on the Riviera, plunge at Monte Carlo, or rent grouse moors. But if our spending power is lowered, then we may be more easily drawn to what may be called cultural pleasures. Lord Oxford in his memoirs tells of a learned barrister whom he knew, who as he prepared his guns and fishing rods for Scotland, boasted that there was not a damned book in his luggage. But if he had had to spend his vacation at home or at a South Coast boarding-house, he might not have been so contemptuous of the consolations of Literature.

There is one final doubt that may occur to the critic. Are we sure that it is wise to encourage too much re-orientation of ideas amongst those whose course is already set ? Do we want to see people pulling up their philosophies of life and politics by the roots or grafting new stocks upon them ? It may be said that to ask such a question is to make too high an estimate of what may be achieved by the re-education of the educated. It might seem absurd to expect that seasoned and successful men should abandon their well-matured views, because they have experienced the mild ferment of a few summer schools and have been led to read some provocative and unfamiliar books. Yet Sir Richard Livingstone makes it clear that his hopes soar with no middle flight. He has stated that men tend to live on in the world as it was in their twenties, and it is clear that he hopes to achieve some considerable change in the outlook of his educands. In any case all educationists must stand forewarned against unexpected success. It is true that in their early twenties men do form conceptions of which they will not readily be disabused. But if we persuade men to abandon ideas which mould their conduct and govern their thoughts through life, it may be that they will not be the better for it. A man can become too uncertain of himself, too anxious to think himself mistaken, too eager to defer to

some passing novelty. Something of the form of his character may be altered and the springs of action weakened. If by the re-educational process his mind is swept and garnished, there remains the question, swept in what manner, garnished with what?

If we consider historical examples, there is no man so great that posterity, in one mood, may not wish that he had been able to unlearn some of his doctrines and acquire new ideas. Shaftesbury and Gladstone, two of the noblest figures of Victorian England, may be thought of thus. Mr J. L. Hammond in his distinguished but patronising life of Shaftesbury gives the impression that there is much to regret about him, chiefly, it would seem, his evangelical religion, which stood in the way of his becoming a really up-to-date Fabian Socialist. We know that Shaftesbury's religious principles were fixed at the age of eight by the good old house-keeper, Maria Mills, who consoled his sad and neglected childhood. We may imagine a Mr Hammond reasoning with Lord Shaftesbury in his maturer years. 'But, while your Lordship's devotion to the late Miss Mills does credit to your heart, it is scarcely so creditable to your head. The sensitive impressions of a boy of eight ought not to bind you too fast. The world of social science calls you; do not, I beg, give up to Exeter Hall what was meant for mankind.' We can imagine the great nobleman's eyes stream with tears as he sank on his knees in prayer for strength never to forget the wise and simple preceptrix of his childhood.

Or another mentor, anxious to steer him from his philanthropy on to the wide stage of politics, might have reasoned thus: 'What if you did see a pauper's funeral at Harrow? An affecting sight no doubt, but it should not at this time be allowed to drive you into the bye-ways of politics, poking about in workhouses and ragged schools when your place is in the high counsels of Europe.' If we can suppose such mentors succeeding, Shaftesbury might have attained greater balance and a wider eclecticism. But who, looking back, would want to think of a more worldly Shaftesbury, a more calculating and judicious Shaftesbury? Who indeed would want in retrospect a happier Shaftesbury? For it is a hard and perplexing thought, that in all probability if Shaftesbury

had had a more normal and happy childhood, the sum total of human misery in Victorian England would have been not less but more. For it was the simplicity of his faith that was the engine of his works and his charity flowed from his tears.

Gladstone learned more in his life than most men, yet he was set and obstinate in the face of many good ideas. He might well have admitted some leaven of modern science to mitigate the too literary and theological cast of his mind. His philosophy need not have ended with Bishop Butler, and his theology might have displayed more liberalism. He might have been brought to think that Homer, St Augustine and Dante weighed too heavily upon him, and to open his mind to Darwin and Herbert Spencer. Yet the treasures cast off might have been of more value than the treasures gained and were certainly more appropriate in their setting. Would we now think with pleasure of this old man eloquent, feverishly keeping abreast of evolution and pursuing the latest notions of science, while the great texts of Augustine, which served him so well, rang ever more feebly and faintly in his ageing ears? '*Remota itaque justitia quid sunt regna nisi magna latrocinia.*' It may even be said that it is only a dull and shallow person who cannot say of some principle of his life, 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.'

To descend from Olympus and consider the case of more ordinary men, while we all have something to unlearn and something to learn anew, we may none the less unlearn too much and learn too easily. The man who in middle life suddenly rends his garments and asks, 'Why was I not told of this before. We must scrap all our old ideas,' such a man is not always the best of guides. Members of the armed services taking to politics sometimes show these characteristics and are often more admired for the generosity than for the profundity of their thought. There is a danger that the new doctrine may not be properly understood or assimilated. The elderly neophyte who plunges into new realms of thought can be an embarrassment to his associates. One is reminded of Miss Rose Macaulay's Colonel who engaged in League of Nations propaganda with the motto *si vis bellum, para pacem*. To choose an example not from fiction but from fact, the new 'forward looking' views in

social and economic policy now appearing in the leading articles of 'The Times,' while they cause anxiety to conservative readers do not always appear really well-digested to radical critics.

There is also the danger that the mature student who is anxious to move with the times may succeed in doing so only to find that those who set out to inspire him have subsequently slipped back. In the period 1925-35 we can suppose that that prince of adult educationists, Mr C. E. M. Joad, would have welcomed a chance of influencing such audiences as Sir Richard Livingstone seeks to provide. One may hazard the conjecture that Mr Joad is not exactly the preceptor Sir Richard would have in mind, but he was very much in the field and indeed it is difficult to think of adult education going on without him. Mr Joad is a most intelligent expositor, and enjoys in a very high degree that capacity for applying his classical and philosophic learning to all relevant topics and making a brave show of it when the relevance is less obvious, which is the hall-mark of the Oxford 'Greats' man. We may imagine a student coming under this influence. We will suppose him to be a man in middle life, puzzled by much in the world around him and anxious not to live in the world as it was in his twenties. For the purposes of argument we will suppose him to be Liberal, his background that of educated nonconformity. He would be an advocate of social reform and democracy, but no Socialist. As an undergraduate he might have gone through the struggles of 1909-11 on the Peoples Budget and the Parliament Act. He would be zealous for peace but no pure pacifist, a good Gladstonian in fact ; no imperialist in the militant sense but a temperate advocate of the principles of self-government as displayed by Campbell-Bannerman. But he would be uneasily aware that his creed was somewhat outmoded, he would be sensitive to remarks about shibboleths and phylacteries, unhappily convinced that he belonged to a dying party and upheld a lost cause. By a great effort of open-mindedness he might clear all the lumber from his mind, hypocritical Liberal-Imperialism, laissez-faire economics, futile beliefs in reformist capitalism, illusions about the value of a League of Nations which essayed the vain task of securing peace before achieving social justice.

He would submit himself whole-heartedly to the teaching of Mr Joad with a genuine zeal for self-criticism which he might learn to attribute to what he would call, with a curious mixture of shame and pride, his nonconformist conscience. He would learn many new and reviving truths, that pacifism not resistance to aggression is the true way of peace, that wars spring from imperialistic capitalism and that therefore both imperialism and capitalism must go. He would understand the great doctrine of class, the need of loyalty to class, not his own class but the irresistible proletariat. He could thus have the virtuous satisfaction of disdaining his own narrow material interest and the comfortable assurance that he was on the side which inevitably must win ; he could be, it appeared, both good and clever.

In his new conversion there might have been much happiness and in his studies much of profit and enlightenment. But we may imagine him in the year 1942 listening-in eagerly to his old tutor, Mr Joad, now chief figure on the Brains Trust. He would hear Mr Joad pronounce judicially on the merits of the present parties, declaring that in many ways the Liberals were the best. More astonishing still, he would hear Mr Joad say that he had been brought up to believe, that in a world of perfectly psycho-analysed communists the major evils of humanity would disappear but that he now knew that it was not so. Our student might feel both surprise and indignation and conceive himself to be woefully misled. He might reflect that his father's old friend the non-conformist minister had some very clear ideas about the existence and persistence of evil in the world. It is to be feared that he might even curse his former preceptor. This would of course be naïve and unreflecting on his part, for it is unreasonable to expect, that if the course of human affairs imposes a change of ideas, the most intellectually gifted and the most mentally nimble will not outdistance the ordinary run of men.

We have now considered some of the obvious difficulties and possible disadvantages of the process of re-education which Sir Richard Livingstone has advocated with eloquence and skill. They are offered in no carping and unconstructive spirit, but in the hope of presenting the problem in concrete terms. The general aim of the

proposals is sound and would have the support of all thinkers on education from Plato to the present day. The criterion of a good education must always be its power to sustain and develop our powers of understanding and judgment, but if education is a continuous process, then it is right that some effort should be made to encourage it by something more than proverbial wisdom and new year resolutions. The place and the occasion must be found, the effort must be corporate and not merely individual. The late Lord Haldane, an eminently practical statesman because he was also an eminently systematic thinker, held such views on education and did much in his later life to propagate them. In the light of his precept and example we should do well to listen to Sir Richard Livingstone's challenge with our most serious attention.

R. B. MCCALLUM.

Art. 9.—BRITAIN AT WAR.

STALINGRAD!—In the most literal and terrible and glorious of senses the word is burnt in letters of blood and fire into the history of Man. Though many another event of great significance has taken place since I wrote last, Stalingrad transcends all: every day and every night the thoughts of almost all the world have been turned upon it, in hope and fear, in pride and dread, in splendour and exasperation. It was the end of August (August 27, to be precise), the day when forty of the eighty days of destiny so solemnly emphasised by Mr Oliver Lyttelton on July 18, had fallen behind us, that I last tried to survey the trends and tendencies of this most tremendous of times: 'day by day, almost hour by hour,' it was necessary then to say, 'the threat to the key-city grows'; the Germans had forced the Don and the way to a sweeping triumph that must immeasurably have lengthened the war seemed to lie open, and yet on September 15, when I was able to add a post-script to the corrected proof, it was one of the major events of the war that Stalingrad, barred by the breasts

of her defenders, still stood undefeated. Two months more of unrelenting onslaught and unyielding defence have passed, Stalingrad still stands as I write these words to-day (October 31): the two major headlines in 'The Times' of this morning are, 'Eighth Army's Gains Extended' and 'Stalingrad holding.' It is not merely one of the most stupendous defences known to military annals, it is one of the mightiest pivots of human fate: hereafter indeed it may be said by Hitler of Rodimtsev and Stalingrad, as it was by Napoleon of Sir Sidney Smith and Acre in 1799, that they 'made him miss his destiny.' And yet hardly, for whilst Napoleon's was long disputable, Hitler's has surely been self-evident: he has challenged—as Napoleon never did—not merely armies, not merely nations, but the very soul of Man: he has had the seeds of corruption within him from the first, and his destiny is assured.

History has recorded many single sentences of self-revelation. For many years my own favourite was that attributed to Leo X on his election, 'let us enjoy the Papacy now we have got it.' But all previous utterances pale before Hitler's 'I wish to see in the eyes of youth the gleam of the beast of prey': he has worked for and he has attained his wish, and his reward is on its way. Even Himmler telling his S.S. men before they left for the front to provide for another generation of pure-bred Aryans and not to confine themselves to 'matrimonial breeding according to old-fashioned bourgeois principles' is much more the ordinary villain raised to the nth—he has not that utter a-morality that belongs peculiarly to the arch-architect of the horrors of the world.

I dwell upon this because it is the other facet of the Battle of Stalingrad: just as that has been the central event of the intensity of this world-conflict, so have the Nazi principles become evident even to the most charitable. The fighting has grown more and more embittered, so has the whole spirit of the war. Lord Halifax, in one of those lofty, clarifying addresses which from time to time fall so naturally and simply from his lips, stated in a single sentence, 'The real issue for us is whether Christianity and all it means is to survive': almost that was an understatement; it might, I suppose, be imagined that Christianity failed to survive without devil-worship

being elevated in its place into the seat of majesty—but that that latter would happen immediately all over what we have hitherto been pleased to call the civilised world, should it be conceivable that victory should go to the Axis, it is no longer possible for any one to deny. And so the issues exceed in magnitude those of all other wars even as the actual battling by land and sea and air exceeds all ever previously experienced. We whose memories of battles linger round Ypres and the Somme once thought that nothing endurable by Man's frame and Man's mind could outvie the barrages, the mud, the tribulations and distresses of those days: we were wrong—all are again renewed with the addition of ceaseless shatterings from the air beside which the worst of shelling was small, and shatterings not only in the line but for all the miles behind the line, even right back to the home.

This addition is growing ever more dominant; it is one of the almost unremarked wonders of British history that just as the island race took naturally, indeed inevitably, to water and secured—and in spite of all attacks against it and temporary reverses has held—the dominion of the oceans, so in these latter years when the power of flight has come to the human race equally have our sons proved their astonishing aptitude for the conquest and control of the air. Greatly we achieved it in 1917-18; lightly—or, rather, foolishly and parsimoniously—we relinquished it in the succeeding years, 'the silly years' as they have been called, up to the slow start of the rearmament programme; with infinite difficulty and risk we just contrived to hold our own, outnumbered but never outfought, throughout the bitter perils of 1940; slowly we drew level; and now at last, as 1942 passes into the glades of history, we have outstripped parity. Writing at the outset of the Eighth Army's attack in North Africa, it is already possible to see how profound an influence upon the fortunes of that most costly of all forms of attack, a frontal attack upon strongly fortified positions, air superiority may have. In the last day or two a German war correspondent, writing from Egypt of the British air effort, has said in words that must thrill us all, 'we have never seen such a picture.' And everywhere it is the same story as regards the air, whether it be the blasting into rubble of the factory-strongholds of

Stalingrad by unending processions of Stukas, the desperate counters for the possession of Guadalcanal (now turned to the favour of the United Nations), or the silent, supreme struggle over the spaces of the Atlantic.

The infantryman, the old 'footslogger' of all former wars, must still endure to that victory which his march onward alone can seize; sea-power is more vital in this 'global war' than ever before; air-power, new and limitless, is protecting both and making their full employment possible. And everywhere the battle rages or is about to be joined. Possessing no secrets, I can reveal none; it is therefore permissible to speculate, if not to prophesy. Mr Oliver Lyttelton has striven, rather unnecessarily it seemed, to explain away the meaning of his words about the eighty days: he was surely right; these ended, numerically, on October 6, and that date coincided very closely with the transformation. It hardly needed the German announcement that henceforward they would be changing over to defence, that last resort of the robber, a grim determination to cling on to the fruits of his robberies: that announcement may merely have been an attempt to prepare their public and in itself was of no greater significance, taken at its lip-value, than any other Nazi utterance, especially as it was immediately followed by desperate renewals of the onslaught upon Stalingrad. More significant—perhaps, for it is certainly well not to attach undue importance to any word which, spoken in public, must reach enemy as well as friend—was the assurance of Field-Marshal Smuts that our change over was in the reverse direction, and Mr Eden has said the same. But it is deeds and not words that alone have true reality in these tense days. Everywhere the pace quickens, our pace at last rather than the enemy's: it may well be that before 1943 dawns many deeds will have been done, and not in North Africa only.

In the circumstances of to-day, as the frosts of November are just about to be, it is almost pathetic to recall the plaintive utterance of the Rome radio of four weeks past; 'the Russians,' it complained, 'simply will not understand that the Battle of the Volga was decided a month ago.' There is a familiar historical ring about the words: so often all that has held off victory has been the refusal of the attacked to admit defeat. It would

seem not improbable—and Mr William Shirer's 'Berlin Diary' confirmed it—that Hitler lost his one great chance of the mastery of the globe by waiting in the summer months of 1940 for a British capitulation—and now it is poor old Italy's turn, her only hope in fact, to sit and wait for a collapse of her indomitable, uncollapsible opponents. I suppose nine out of every ten people in this country are truly sorry for the Italian nation—in spite of a good deal of individual cruelties from Abyssinia, Greece, and elsewhere—but 'who sups with the devil must have a long spoon,' and it is beginning to become apparent that Mussolini's has lacked the needful length: by January, 1943, it should be evident to all. If I were tempted to prophesy, from which many a gaffe known to us all prevents any real temptation, it would be around and northward of the Mediterranean. In the last war our enemies proved to resemble the great Achilles to the extent of the possession of a heel: in that at any rate it is possible that history may repeat itself.

However that may be—and it is an issue that the days immediately ahead of this date of writing may well elucidate—there can be no doubt that we have reached the grand climacteric of the war. The other day some friends asked me what I thought of the position generally: knowing that they had previously dubbed me an optimist and were expecting a cheering answer, I said casually that I thought we could say we had at all events reached half-way—and their faces fell amusingly. I am sure that the happy historians of the future will confirm Mr Oliver Lyttelton's estimate of the importance of the eighty days following July 18, practically all of which have proved to be favourable to the United Nations.

And, in passing, may we not in pride and encouragement, dwell upon that phrase, the United Nations? It was not the least of the services rendered by Field-Marshal Smuts in the only address ever delivered to both Houses of Parliament by one who has commanded forces in the field against the British that he dwelt upon the vast significance of that phrase: it is one of which more and more must assuredly be heard. There are, after all, four great powers upon the cooperation together of which after the war has been won the success of the peace will depend, the British Commonwealth of Nations, the

United States of America, the Union of Soviet Republic and the Chinese Republic—a four as diverse in their basic characteristics as could well be devised, but in their very diversity—if that be handled and coordinated aright—a tower four-square to all the winds that blow. United we stand: assuredly upon the continuance of that unity the future prosperity of the world will rest, and we may all profoundly pray that in diversity lies strength. Meanwhile, let us note as a symbol and as something more, a very valuable and practical adjunct to united effort, the opening, well ahead of schedule, of the great Alaskan highway.

Field-Marshal Smuts has, at varying times in his strange and most memorable career, said many things: among them he has foretold that as the war progressed it would grow ever more ferocious. In that at least he has already been proved right, and not on the world-wide fields of battle alone. One of the major happenings of these recent weeks has been the saddening deterioration of conduct as regards prisoners of war. Our Government, not unnaturally perhaps in all the circumstances, have deprecated parliamentary discussion of their decision to retaliate, to endeavour feebly to imitate the calculated soullessness of German atrocity. But does any one now doubt that ours was a snap, and an erroneous, decision? A trap was set for us, and into it, in all the innocence of the British way, we walked. How can we ever compete with Nazi brutality? What possible hope of equality have we in such a contest? Clearly we were wrong ever to attempt to engage in it, and the sooner that is admitted, however tacitly, the better for all concerned. The whole thing only proves how fatal it is for a democracy to be governed by an autocracy, against the decrees of which there is, in war, no possibility of real resistance: it was the same with that fantastic offer of union with France, from which the completeness of the collapse saved us.

In war, of course, especially in such a mountain of a war as this, democracy, even if half the world is fighting to preserve it, must submerge: it can, and in this island certainly does, claim, and exercise, the right to 'surface'—to use one of the technicalities of the day—whensoever it deems it necessary; but without autocracy at the helm a belligerent would be doomed. And for the most part

that is so fully realised that the majority of the complaints are directed against insufficient, rather than overmastering, autocracy. On the whole the months through which we have struggled this summer have gone to show that the criticisms of which at one time we heard so much, that we had a Government headed by a Colossus and administered by a row of dummies, were, as most such sweeping generalisations are, ill-founded. Complaints and criticisms there are, but whenever the work of any particular Minister is under discussion—in an impartial, private way at all events, whatever may be the case in political and polemical quarters—the general verdict is favourable. 'He's not doing so badly' or 'he's, after all, got one of the most difficult jobs of the war' is the kind of summaries most often heard. And it is noticeable that one of the Ministers least vocal and expository has slowly won to a more just appreciation of his services, namely, Sir John Anderson, 'to whom,' said one of his former colleagues, Lord Reith, the other day, 'the country owes more than it knows.'

So much may gratefully be admitted, and it is in the light of such grateful admission that it is permissible to comment upon some of the minor weaknesses and illogicalities: we have had the usual avalanche of exhortations, principally about fuel, where it is satisfactory to all who believe in heredity to see the success of Major Lloyd George; but the regulations as to central heating in public buildings remain, at this moment of writing, 'wropt in mystery.' It is at length allowed, but with the express proviso that no stoking of furnaces may be undertaken between 9.30 p.m. and 6 a.m., and it certainly needed no expert to emphasise that it is only by regular, as contrasted to irregular, hours of stoking that economy in fuel consumption can be obtained. Either no central heating should yet be permitted or its users should be permitted to stoke with due avoidance of extravagance: the private user, who is under no such ban in this respect, can only smile at the disingenuous simplicity of Government officials.

Similarly, can any one logically propound the principles upon which the collection of railings, etc., is proceeding? Two London squares, visible to any passer-by, provide papulum for the conundrum. In one, thin,

elegant, early eighteenth century railings—said to be the only ones of their kind that up to the hour of their destruction were left in the world—have gone into the melting-pot ; and their scrap value was very little : in another, heavy, ugly railings, of the type most useful for scrap and most displeasing to the eye, stubbornly remain. And yet the first square lies close to public gardens (still, incidentally, heavily railed) and the other lies remote from any. An odd mystery of discrimination, to be paralleled by many another instance. But the British public can endure all things as long as it is convinced of the war necessity and as long as it is spared the horror of concrete hoops in lieu of those railings that guard areas and such like dangerous places in the black-out, hoops which were proudly delineated in one of our leading papers.

There is another anomaly to which attention may fittingly be drawn. The paper shortage is grievous, a heavy restriction upon learning and the mental amenities generally of civilised life : often good books and useful knowledge cannot be made readily available, often a successful book cannot be reprinted because the distracted publisher has exhausted his quota for the period and his waiting list is more and more congested. So much is unavoidable, admittedly ; but at the same time there are constant prosecutions of less reputable firms for the putting forth of pornography—there have been no fewer than twenty-four of these cases in recent months. In these the stock of undesirable publications is of course seized by the successful prosecution and presumably pulped : but beyond fines nothing else is done to limit the offenders or to restrain them from repeating the offence. If ever there was a case for ' making the punishment fit the crime,' it is this : it would be so simple and so salutary for the Board of Trade to diminish the future quota of paper allowed to such offenders or even, in bad or persistent cases, refuse it altogether ; that would have the dual effect of decreasing pernicious literature and increasing good.

And, since we are being critical, if only on a very small scale, may we not also put in a plea to news-editors not to print so much bosh about the Home Guard ? There are papers which have regular contributions about that very remarkable organisation, usually described as

being by their 'special Home Guard reporter' or some similar designation, and very remarkable are the powers of imagination possessed by some of these: recently I have read disquisitions both upon the women's branch of the Home Guard (which does not exist, as all know well) and about the regulations for pipe-claying our webbing-equipment (which is even more absurd); I am forcibly reminded, in fact, of the review, one word long, of Browning's 'Sordello.' The Home Guard carries on imperturbably, it knows the job that it may still one day (or one night) be called upon to do, it has trained for it steadily, conscientiously, and efficiently, for more than two years, and it might be spared some of the absurdity of publicity so regularly lavished upon it.

On the lighter side of newspaper publication, I think some of the queries induced by modernism in military matters deserve mention. There is, indubitably, a new spirit abroad, that spirit of a man being a man 'for a' that,' which has, in some of its manifestations at any rate, been decidedly lacking in the past. Imagine Colonel Blimp—not the humorous old walrus popularised by Low, but the real article of old days who, if he were in truth anywhere to be resurrected, would correctly be described as 'genuine antique'—confronted with such a problem as this which I saw propounded, with all apparent seriousness, in a weekly paper a week or so ago, 'What does an officer do when he has a girl on either arm and a private tries to pull one away?' What indeed? In the particular case cited the private had growled out that the officer was exceeding his ration; but the lady, the one who was in process of being pulled away, neatly solved the problem, to the salvation of the officer's dignity and the reduction to proper respect of the private, by felling the latter dexterously with a blow from her handbag—after which, apparently, she and the officer and his other companion passed quietly on their way.

That the new spirit is abroad, and it may confidently be asserted without any real detriment to true discipline, is, I think, established by one of the two institutions which go by the initials A.B.C.A.—in this case standing for 'Army Bureau of Current Affairs.' It was significant—to my ear at least—that when the humorists of the Brains Trust of the B.B.C. were asked a question about

Army education, not one of the answerers so much as referred to that at all but each one spoke at some length about A.B.C.A., which is (quite illogically, indeed quite indefensibly) an entirely separate Directorate. When such affairs were my responsibility, I pleaded with the then Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, for leave to introduce discussion-circles into the Army; but it was the one and only request I ever put to that large-minded and warm-hearted soldier that he refused. He, and his colleagues on the Army Council, were then all afraid of 'soldiers' councils' and the attendant, disruptive influences of Bolshevism, he less so than his colleagues, one of whom was so fearful of educational influences that he laid it down in writing that by educating the soldier, or trying to, I was 'bolshevising the Army,' but enough to prevent him allowing discussions and debates. Perhaps in those days he was right: to-day, with Russia as one of the United Nations, the fear has passed, and no one now is hesitant to encourage the soldier to think for himself.

There is another institution, also called, for short, A.B.C.A., namely, the American British Commonwealth Association, at the first anniversary meeting of which, just held (October 29), the American Ambassador, speaking with that simple earnestness that has so endeared him to us all, said of Anglo-American (let us get the order of the two countries, the historical order at any rate, right) friendship and the future planning of the progress of mankind, 'it must go forward together or it cannot go forward at all.' There has been some evidence, in rural areas at all events, of subterranean endeavours to sow dissension between us: I found a number of villagers in a remote part of England all dreading the possible arrival amongst them of American troops; they had been 'told' how strange and uncouth they would be. It is obvious that there is only one thing which can rescue Nazidom from its approaching doom, and that is distrust between the partners opposing it, and the similarities and yet differences of speech make evil propaganda easy, as, for instance, large head-lines, 'Hello, Eleanor! How's the old man?' purporting to be a report of U.S. soldiers addressing our honoured guest of the week, the wife of the President. Such greeting does sound strange and

uncouth in our ears ; and yet the very next day when a soldier, leaning from a lorry, called out to me, ' Hey, buddy, which is the way to Hyde Park ? ' I, personally, felt the warmer for the friendly informality.

Certain it is that deeper and deeper into our traditional reserve is sinking the knowledge not only that unity is strength but that unity is not incompatible with diversity. We all know with ever-increasing sincerity that it is upon this diversity in union of the four great powers, Britain, America, Russia, and China, that the hope of the future rests. We have such a lot to learn, each from the other, and that that is now sincerely being realised, or beginning to be realised, is one of the great gains of mankind.

And now everywhere, everywhere, as we gird our loins for the offensive, the thought of the future is stirring. The world of the United Nations is like a big expanse that has lain water-logged ; now it is beginning to be quickened, to quiver with renewed action, as slowly, irresistibly the level rises : ' the nation,' writes one daily paper with, I think, exactitude, ' is now clear-eyed enough to wait with restraint for victory while working for it with passion.' Yes, no one anywhere has any thought of letting up—it is, on every line, full steam ahead. But it is at the same time notable now how active are the brains of the planners, and in many fields. Not long ago Ahmet Emin Yalman, the editor of ' Vatan ' of Istanbul, after saying, tactfully and encouragingly, that his country was an ally of Great Britain, wrote, ' during my visit to England I have found your war effort an inspiration to perfect confidence but not so your preparations for peace.' To-day that comment would scarcely seem exact. No one steps aside from work directly connected with the achievement of the object without which all else fails, namely, victory, but few now have not at the back of their consciousness the knowledge of the vastness and complexity of the problems that will confront all on the day when, as some one has said, the command ' cease fire ' will mean for millions ' cease work.'

One instance, in a field hitherto much neglected, has been the inauguration of the Veterinary Educational Trust, to improve the training and status of the veterinary profession, upon whom agriculture should so greatly

depend. Another, more obvious, was mentioned only quite recently by a number of men gathered together to discuss amongst themselves privately, at the instance of Mr Theodore Instone, the future of civil aviation. The R.A.F. is before all eyes, but its vast expanse is heavy with a real problem of the future directly the war is won. We are to-day training thousands and thousands of men in the first great flush of their manhood's energy and strength for the all-exacting work of the dominion of the air. We shall never, it is to be hoped and believed, commit the crass error of the last post-war period and allow our Air Force to dwindle to insignificance and civil aviation, it is to be presumed, will develop greatly; but even so there will not be room in the air for all who now are driving the Germans from it. And so in almost every one of the war's activities: there must be planning or chaos—the choice is inexorable.

And the girls? Their rise to civic status was one of the most notable transformations of the last war, but, just as this has exceeded that in all other respects, so it has in regard to them. Never before have all active women from eighteen upwards been swept into the cauldron: we none of us had any doubt as to the quality but for pride's sake let us quote again the words of the 'Short Guide to Great Britain' issued by the War Department at Washington for the use of their troops in this country:

'There is not a single record in this war of any British woman in uniformed service quitting her post or failing in her duty under fire. . . . They have stuck to their posts near burning ammunition dumps, delivered messages afoot after their motor-cycles have been blasted from under them. They have pulled aviators from burning planes. They have died at the gun posts and as they fell another girl has stepped directly into the position.'

What is to be their lot, their reward, in the post-war world? Many committees are thinking over many problems: I hope that this, which is not among the least important or least difficult, is among them.

It has been a summer of Committees and Reports: into the fire of public discussion one by one they have been thrown and some are already a trifle singed, as, for

example, the Conservative Committee's ideas about educational reform. And then there is (still hatching at this date of writing) the Beveridge Report on Social Security, which we are given to understand will add quite a lot of oil to the smouldering fires of politics. The Scott and Uthwatt Reports are at any rate already before us, though on them battle is as yet hardly joined: only the rumblings of the future strife, the political issues to be, far-reaching and perhaps embittered, are heard in the wings. Resolutions and pamphlets, contradictory and diverse, lie before us; but these two Reports, like the reflections of Sir William Beveridge, are not fully for now: they deal with the future; the use of land, the enjoyment of property—what can yet be fully said of these, except that neither will be at all as before, nor, indeed, will anything. More pertinent to the moment—without in any way undervaluing the thought given to these two great Reports, of which more, much more, hereafter—are the controversies on service pay: I have seen it asked, with aggressive fervour, 'why should a soldier have less than a fitter?' but I have not yet seen what would, after the last war's experience, be the more appropriate question, 'why should a fitter have more than a soldier?'

And into all the questions that begin to arise, like little waves lifted by the gathering wind into white-crested emblems of unrest over the great sea, has come the challenge of the leaders of the Church. Neither our present Archbishop of Canterbury nor our present Archbishop of York are likely to be anything but stimulated by the right type of controversy: they were both doubtless well prepared for the hubbub that has arisen as a result of the utterances at the big meeting of the Industrial Christian Fellowship at the Albert Hall on September 26, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury laid it down categorically that the Church has a right and a duty to declare the principles which should govern the ordering of society. With that as a general statement few will be any more in disagreement than with the supporting comment of Sir Stafford Cripps that the Church is not the adherent of any political party. But the trouble begins as soon as it becomes a question of translating general principles into details of action: when the Bishop of Bradford follows up on October 1

with the remark 'we have to fight the stranglehold of finance which has batten on industry and poverty—the Bank of England bossing the country and the Empire,' and discussion gets down to such matters as allowable rates of interest, then indeed the joke, two elderly laymen saying to one another 'what would the Archbishop think if we walked about christening people?' begins to seem apposite.

It was of interest that on the very same day as the Albert Hall meeting Mr J. T. Christie, the headmaster of Westminster, should have said in an address to a northern audience, '75 per cent. of the younger generation at the very least seem to care nothing at all for religion' and pleaded for greater latitude and experiment in the Church services. It is indeed a lamentable truth that go where you will you hardly ever see the younger generation at any Church service, and, save in the case of a quite exceptional clergyman, nothing effective, really nothing at all is being done about it. Whilst the vast majority of churchmen will wholeheartedly approve of the principle of the Archbishops that the Church must, if it is to survive and be a reality in the world after the war, concern itself deeply with such matters as the profit motive and the right uses for the good of all of both land and money, dealing not with detail but with the spirit that governs detail, still more essential would it seem to be that, first and foremost and before entering into battle, the Church should re-organise its own battalions. A constitution that suited the world of the Reformation does not in the least suit the world as it is to-day and as it will be after the Second German War: clergymen are, beyond question, far too much laws unto themselves, irremovable except for gross misconduct; in many and many a parish the clergyman has outlived his usefulness in that particular area and yet cannot be alternated or changed; and surely the time has come for the peripatetic preacher, the man whose gifts lie not in administration but in oratory. These are but two of the many administrative reforms so imperatively called for.

I write in no spirit of hostility or even of criticism: I have been a churchwarden both in town and in country and a re-birth of the influence of the Church upon modern life is among the deepest of my desires. But will it come

in any other way than by a complete, or at any rate a drastic, re-organisation from within, as to which, in the controversies aroused by the Albert Hall utterances, there has been no mention whatsoever? 'Physician, heal thyself' was one of the weightiest of sayings and has universal application.

And in the midst of all the flames and furies of war and the multitudinous problems that surround and await the world, a quiet voice, hardly heard perhaps and yet enunciating the hope of one of the greatest of all human victories, one that, when realised, will save more lives and abate more torments even than those ended and caused by Hitler and the whole of his murdering gangs, namely, Lord Horder's testifying to his belief or—lest it be overstated—his faith that the day is within measurable distance when the scourge of cancer may be successfully held in sway. It may be—so hard is it to weigh duly all the forces blowing upon mankind—that in the times to come that will be accounted the greatest, the most momentous factor of these times.

So on the mighty whirlwind of this war we rise up, up towards and into 1943. Everywhere there is the tramp of men and women, uniformed, trained or in training, everywhere the clank of machines, great and small, feeding the Moloch of battle, everywhere the swish of the severed water as the prows of thousands of ships of the United Nations cleave their ways doggedly, ceaselessly through the ocean-ways, everywhere the throbbing of the planes. What, we may wonder, now at the base of his cold heart does Hitler think of it all, as 'the snows begin and the blasts denote we are nearing the place?' Mr Churchill has told us he detects in the utterances of the Nazi leaders 'the whining note of fear,' and for a long time past our great leader has been guilty of no overstatement. With that, without resting, let us, for the moment, be content.

GORELL.

November 15. 'For the moment': we have not had to be content with anticipation very long. To-day, as I write this postscript, the church-bells, silent so many a weary month, are ringing—a little prematurely, some of us may think, but at any rate in joyful recognition of an

indubitable, an electrifying victory. Stalingrad, the unconquerable, still holds and still fights back—all else is change. Tobruk is in our hands again, the Eighth Army nears Benghazi, a U.S. Army, borne by our Fleet and protected by our planes, occupy Algeria and Morocco, our First Army enters Tunisia, Admiral Darlan calls on the French Fleet to join him—and us, as Nazi hordes, their hands forced, pour into the rest of unhappy France—truly the transformation scene of this vast and terrible pantomime of Man unfolds, and not only in Europe and Africa as the Japanese are pushed inexorably out of New Guinea: wonderful days like showers of rain on a long-parched land. In our childhood's days at Drury Lane after the transformation scene only the harlequinade remained before the final drop of the curtain: would it were so now, but for the world as it is to-day there is inevitably still before us all the grim great dance of Death. Nevertheless 'ring out, wild bells': the noose round the criminal's neck tightens, the great design unfolds, and steadfastly, with the thrill of victory in their hearts, the United Nations take up their stand for the march on towards the inevitable end. Not in the heavens only is it that a new star has appeared.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

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| Physics and Philosophy. Sir James Jeans. | A French Officer's Diary. Captain D. Barlone. |
| Young Offenders, An Enquiry into Juvenile Delinquency. A. M. Carr-Saunders, Hermann Mannheim, and E. C. Rhodes. | The Totalitarian War and After. Count Carlo Sforza. |
| The Weald of Youth. Siegfried Sassoon. | Something to Declare. Edward Stirling. |
| The Gestapo Defied. Pastor Martin Niemöller. | The Year's Work in English Studies. |
| | China Rediscovered Her West. Madame Chiang Kai-Shek. |

ONE of the most remarkable phenomena of recent times is that as the layman in his ignorance leans away from religion and mysticism, the scientist in his ever widening knowledge leans towards them. In his latest study, 'Physics and Philosophy' (Cambridge University Press), Sir James Jeans once again places the inquiring mind and questing soul deeply in his debt. In his preface he says that his object is to discuss 'questions which touch human life very closely, such as materialism and freewill.' With his usual consideration for the man in the tube he has condensed the gist of his arguments into the first two and last chapters with all his unrivalled clarity and persuasiveness. Reminding us that philosophy has developed from intellectual curiosity, just as science has developed from practical curiosity, Sir James warns us of how life itself has ever been jeopardised by want of understanding. Philosophy, therefore, is no mere luxury for the few, and, possibly, most of the evils of our time could be traced to the fact that the average man has neither a religious nor a philosophic basis for his life. Sir James will not permit philosophy to be divorced from life: 'The whole intricate fabric of civilised life was a standing record of achievement, not by atoms pushed and pulled by blind purposeless forces, but by resolute minds working to pre-selected ends.' This is only a great living scientist's way of saying 'as a man thinketh, so he is.' Sir James refuses facile hopes and comfortless conclusions. The new physics, the new astronomy, or the new psychology, provide no reach-me-down solvents of philosophies. As he puts it: 'the plain fact is that there are no conclusions' beyond the fact that 'many of the former conclusions of nineteenth-century science on philosophical questions are once again in the melting-

pot.' The objective and material universe of the Victorian scientist 'is proved to consist of little more than constructs of our own mind.' 'The new physics shows us a universe which might conceivably form a suitable dwelling-place for free men, and not a mere shelter for brutes—a home in which it may at least be possible for us to mould events to our desires and live lives of endeavour and achievement.'

The urgency of the question of misbehaviour among children and adolescents at the present time cannot be disputed. Therefore a book like '**Young Offenders, An Enquiry into Juvenile Delinquency**,' by Messrs. A. M. Carr-Saunders, Hermann Mannheim, and E. C. Rhodes (Cambridge University Press), is extremely useful. The authors rightly say that enquiries should be made at frequent and regular intervals over wide areas whereas theirs has under present circumstances had to be an isolated instance. All the same the information which they have gleaned is extremely valuable. They have enquired into a very large number of cases of boys who have come into court throughout the country, and for proper comparison they have taken a like number of 'controls,' that is, boys in similar home and school conditions who have not transgressed. The comparative results are given in more than a hundred statistical tables. It is pleasing to find that the proportion of boys who have had the benefit of more or less regular attendance at places of worship or at Sunday schools and who have become delinquents is markedly smaller than among those who have not had that advantage, though we could wish that the difference had been even more marked.

It is natural to presume that boys from 'broken' homes, where there is only one parent, or there is constant strife among parents, or where a parent is living with a partner not in wedlock, would provide more delinquents than normal homes, though even here the difference is not as striking as might be. The enquiry covers trends in juvenile delinquency, the home, parents, and environment, the boy himself and his physical and moral characteristics, the nature of the crimes and the ages of offenders. There is much useful information here for all interested in the subject.

Mr Siegfried Sassoon, no longer hiding behind his

alter ego George Sherston, writes in 'The Weald of Youth' (Faber) of his years of early manhood before 1914 in Kent, Warwickshire, and London. Undoubtedly there are several Siegfried Sassoons—the poet, the musician, the fox hunter, the steeplechaser, the cricketer, the golfer. Typical devotees of some of these varied pursuits would seem to have little in common with each other, and certainly Mr Sassoon's companions in the unliterary Atherstone hunting box would not have felt at home in, say, Sir Edward Marsh's rooms in Grays Inn. Mr Sassoon, however, seems to have kept his varying characteristics well blended, even though at times he could feel and write: 'I may have wondered why it was so impossible to amalgamate my contrasted worlds of Literature and Sport. Why must I always be adopting my manners—and even my style of speaking—to different sets of people? Was it really necessary to exclude one world in order to find diversity in the other?' Nevertheless he managed to live in both worlds very successfully and his descriptions of both, written with clarity, distinction, and humour (he is always ready to laugh at himself), will please very many readers.

To those who believe that the future of Europe is impossible without the collaboration of the German peoples the publication in England of Pastor Martin Niemöller's sermons 'The Gestapo Defied' (Wm. Hodge and Co.) is an encouraging event. The volume is wrongly named because the courageous Vicar of Dahlem was not out to defy anyone but, in all simplicity, to obey his Lord and Master. 'We love our nation: we must love it—we cannot and dare not and must not do otherwise.' 'National Socialism makes this claim in all seriousness: I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt have no other gods beside me': Niemöller's leading contention throughout these twenty-eight sermons is that no one can accept that false doctrine without losing his integrity and becoming 'an inwardly broken man.' The preacher is no dialectologist, no great theologian, and the intellectual content of his addresses is small; but his moral grandeur is undeniable; his simple belief in the necessity and efficacy of preaching Christ Crucified is inspiring: 'Everything is at stake: it is the struggle of faith against intellect, and there can be no yielding.' 'In a poem

addressed to German youth the Christian faith is called "a sweet enervating lie—the poison which comes from the East". 'The Christian era is being replaced by another.' This stern disciple of Luther is tolerant throughout and in one sermon quotes a Catholic bishop. He would not be silenced. Almost his last words are: 'We are not allowed to put our light under a bushel. Then follows the pathetic question: Has the Church of Christ, in its members and office-bearers, still the right to-day which the Führer has confirmed with his word—with his *word of honour*—the right to defend ourselves against attacks on the Church?' Niemöller was brought to trial before the National Socialist People's Tribunal which, with almost unbelievable courage, acquitted him. But Hitler could not stomach that reference to his 'word of honour.' The exonerated preacher was by special personal order of the Führer arrested as, to avoid a demonstration, he left the court by the back door. This man who so bravely served Germany as a naval officer in the last war has never been heard of since.

Among informal documents of the war, personal diaries are specially valuable, even though they are written, often of necessity, with a much restricted view of events in general and are affected by rumours of the day which often prove to be without foundation. A high place among such works can be accorded to '**A French Officer's Diary**,' by Captain D. Barlone, formerly of the French 2nd North African Division (Cambridge University Press). General Legentilhomme contributes a preface.

Captain Barlone is a very patriotic, intelligent, and observant officer not easily misled, and his passing comments are as interesting as his chronicles of events. Mobilisation, life near the Maginot Line, the dormant war till May 1940, then the all-too-active one, the advance into Belgium and the subsequent retreat, disaster in France, the armistice, the heartbreaking days that followed, escape to Africa, and finally further escape to England to join the Free French. That is the summary of the author's experiences. Only too well he realised the deficiencies in France's defence and the corroding influence of politics in the Higher Command. 'It is all the more nauseating because this rottenness, this political canker, is merely superficial. The heart of France is what

it always has been—clean, honest, brave. I realise this all the more because through my men I can always place my finger on what is the true France.' So wrote Captain Barlone in March 1940. Events since have justified much of what he says, but have shown that the true heart of France has in some ways been sadly overlaid by fatty degeneration; but that eventually after much tribulation it can be restored Captain Barlone—and others—are convinced.

Count Carlo Sforza is a strong anti-Fascist former Italian Foreign Secretary now domiciled in U.S.A. In a small book of under a hundred pages entitled '**The Totalitarian War and After**' (Allen and Unwin) he has given some of his reminiscences, comments, and opinions on events between the wars. He deals with subjects like the failure of democracy in France and Germany; Nazi-Fascist propaganda; how official France betrayed Czechoslovakia; Hitler, Mussolini, and their followers; illusions and delusions of British and French 'upper classes'; the men of Vichy; the Russian enigma; future federation in Central Europe; colonies, India and China, and President Wilson's ideals and failure. This is a large field to cover in so few pages, and we could wish that the author had elaborated his theme rather more, but what he does write is clear and interesting, and he speaks with the authority of much experience of high politics and statecraft. In dealing with democracy he rightly stresses that 'the democratic graft and corruption of which so much has been said are but a drop in the ocean compared with the looting perpetrated in Germany by the bitterest enemies of democracy.'

Democracy, given a fair chance, has not failed, but what chance had it in France, for instance, when in the hour of extreme crisis a leader like General Weygand, instead of inspiring to stronger and clearer action, could only say, to a friend of Count Sforza, 'This collapse is sent by God; it will help the French to understand what happens to them when they forget the Church.' Such misplaced religious defeatism joined to the treacheries of Laval and his followers could never save any country or cause.

Mr Edward Stirling's '**Something to Declare**' (Frederick Muller) is an inspiration and a reproach: an

inspiration because it is an account of what one determined man with ideals can do to spread English culture, make known in other lands the English heritage, and, wherever he went, make friends for England and the British Empire. Burning with a love for France and her noble civilisation, Mr Stirling started the English Theatre in Paris in 1922. His last action there was to broadcast from Bordeaux : ' This is the French Government Station. The Maréchal Pétain will now speak to you '—and the world heard that France had asked Germany for an Armistice. In the eighteen intervening years Mr Stirling and his company toured Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America, visiting 33 countries and 225 towns. They presented 146 plays, 12 of which were by Shakespeare, 12 by Shaw ; 25 were given for the first time on any stage, and these included works by Shaw, Housman, Huxley, and Somerset Maugham. As many as 46 towns were visited in France and Germany, 20 in Switzerland—perhaps because Mr Stirling loves ski-ing—14 in Czechoslovakia, 7 in Egypt, and 9 in Italy. Return visits were always demanded and, so far as circumstances permitted, always made. Some of the secrets of Mr Stirling's success clearly emerge. The basis of the company was the family ; Mrs Stirling and their daughters being as enthusiastic as were all the members of the company. The unending social functions they attended and the individual contacts they made are simply amazing in view of long journeys, fire, flood, and accident. It is not too much to say that during eighteen years of strenuous, devoted work, Edward Stirling's English Players achieved the maximum of cultural propaganda with a minimum of means.

The reproach lies in the fact that the financial reward was meagre and the official recognition nil. When are we to devise suitable machinery for bringing real National Service to the notice of the Fountain of Honour ? When will the universities recognise with honorary degrees notable cultural achievement by individuals who happen to be without academic qualifications ? When will the Government make up its mind to subsidise a dozen perambulating British institutes on similar lines to the pioneer example so successfully ran by Mr Stirling and his devoted colleagues ? Anyone who during the last twenty years spent much time abroad knows well how

the visits of the English Players were welcomed in such places as Munich, Prague, Warsaw, Brussels, and Stockholm.

We cannot be too grateful that paper economy has not prevented the publication of the coming-of-age volume of **'The Year's Work in English Studies'** (Oxford University Press). Professor Frederick Boas, who has been a contributor to every volume published, is fortunately still Editor and, in spite of all difficulties, has succeeded in obtaining contributions from fifteen distinguished personages. He is personally responsible for an essay on The Renaissance and one on Elizabethan Drama—a subject peculiarly his own. Dr F. E. Budd, Professor Wrenn and Dr McIlwraith being engaged on war work their places as contributors have been ably taken by some welcome newcomers. Miss Ellis-Fermor reviews the year's more notable publications on Literary History and Criticism. Miss Dorothy Whitelock surveys books, and important articles, on the English language. Old English falls to the able pen of Mr G. N. Carmonsway; Middle English and Chaucer to Miss Dorothy Everett and Miss Gladys D. Willcock; Shakespeare to Professor Allardyce Nicoll; Late Tudor Poetry and Prose to Mr Arnold Davenport; the Earlier Stuart Age and the Commonwealth to Professor L. C. Martin; the Restoration to Miss Beatrice White; the Eighteenth Century to Professor Edith J. Morley and the Nineteenth Century to Miss Dorothy Stuart and Professor H. V. Routh. The volume closes with an admirable Bibliographica by Mr John Southgate, while the Index is, as usual, so admirable that one regrets not having the name of the able Indexer. Limited space has made it impossible to do more than name the fifteen articles which make this volume as rich, well-informed and comprehensive as any of its predecessors.

It is comforting to remember that in spite of concessions and concession-hunters, which nowadays no one could or would defend, we have many long-standing ties with China of which we have no reason to be ashamed. This is brought out clearly in **'China Rediscovered Her West'** (George Allen and Unwin). The first essay is by Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, who is probably the only woman of our time who has indelibly impressed her personality, not only upon her own country, but upon

the whole civilised world. Born in Shanghai, the daughter of devout Christians, and educated in the U.S.A., this great woman tells us in simple, direct language that China is being saved and reconstituted as a great national unity by courage. Courage, she reiterates, has enabled China to find her soul and has withdrawn the sting of death itself. There follow eighteen brief chapters, each by an authority, Chinese, American, or Canadian, dealing with Christian work in 'West China—the Land and the People.' 'Looking Forward,' the concluding essay, is by Bishop C. T. Soong. Born in Shansi Province, he was educated at West China Union University and at Cambridge and Oxford. He comes of a race of officials and scholars tracing its lineage back to the Ming dynasty, and is a magnificent example of how Chinese and European cultures can combine to produce world-citizens of the first order. One would like to see a companion volume setting forth as briefly, attractively, and authentically as here something of what English Christian Missionaries have accomplished in China, and what they have learned there. The heartening message from China is 'While we are fighting our invader we are building a new China.' May this also be true of England.

THE LEGEND OF MARSHAL PÉTAÏN—POSTSCRIPT.

The terrible grandeur of the final sacrifice consummated by the French fleet at Toulon, destroying itself with colours flying, captain on the bridge, while yet other noble Frenchmen went to death in the holocaust of forts and batteries blown up rather than that they fall into German hands, has branded on the foreheads of Pétain and Laval, the two men most responsible for the policy of shame leading fatally to the disaster that alone could cleanse of shame the honour of France's flag, the judgment on them of the French nation that will be the judgment too of humanity and of history. And of those two Pétain is the chief, for without his personal authority the policy of Vichy could never have been forced upon France. Were he even now to perish in the midst of the woes he has caused, he would be one of the few men of whom it should not be said: 'Let him rest in peace.' The blood and suffering of too many mortals is on his head.

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